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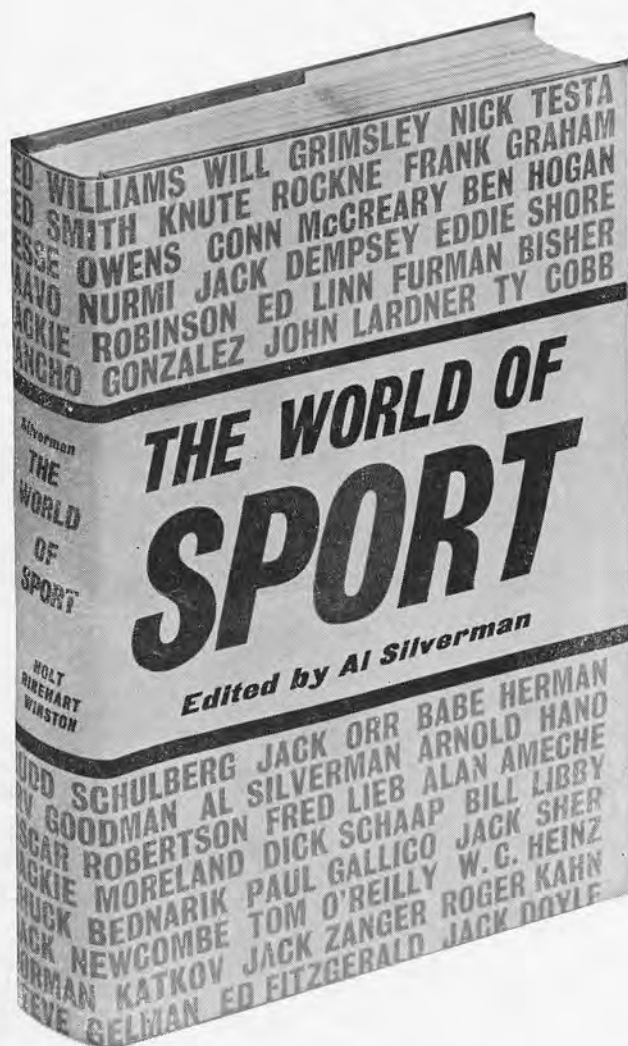
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PRO FOOTBALL ALMANAC

PRODUCED BY THE EDITORS OF SPORT MAGAZINE

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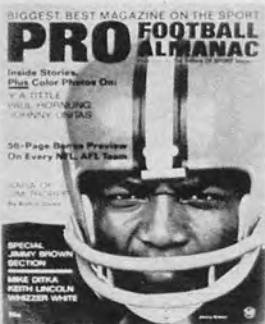
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BEHIND THE PRO

By **ARNOLD HANO**



A noted writer analyzes the reasons why pro football is thriving as never

ONCE IT WAS a game 2000 hardy masochists came to see, a tug of war between the 30-yard line, 22 indistinguishable men grappling in the mud. They called it professional football. Nobody cared.

Today the stadiums are packed with roaring, happy mobs. At home millions more sit transfixed before their Sunday television sets. They call it professional football, and all America cares.

Boom has gone pro football.

On a day in January of this year, television moguls at Columbia Broadcasting System opened their safes and emptied \$28,200,000 into the hands of the National Football League, so that CBS might carry telecasts of every NFL game for the next two years. If necessary, CBS said, the games would even pre-empt *Lassie*. Such is the hold professional football has on the nation.

A week later, for a similar privilege, a second set of dark-suited executives—this time of the National Broadcasting Company—wrote out a five-year contract, beginning in 1965, with the American Football League. It will net the AFL \$36,000,000.

In 1963, NBC paid \$926,000 for the pro title game between the Bears and the Giants. It was not only the highest price paid for a single sporting event up until then, it was the most money ever spent for a single piece of entertainment in the history of the tube. This year's price was higher, much higher. The price, paid by CBS: \$3,600,000 for two years.

A sluggish game that stirred curiosity and even pity 35 years ago is now a giant among sports. Mark this. Last year, the Cleveland Indians drew approximately 530,000 fans to 81 home baseball games. The Cleveland Browns drew 500,000 to seven home football games.

Pro football is thriving as never before. Not just one league. Both leagues. With the new NBC contract, the American Football League will not only survive, it must now prosper. Over \$700,000 every year for each club, for the next five years—that's what the NBC-AFL contract means. And \$700,000 pays the salary of every player on the team, the coaches' salaries, the scouts' pay, the cost of a team's equipment. The AFL is here to stay. The future world series of football, between the league

FOOTBALL BOOM



Marvin Newman

before, why of all sports it has become "the most American of all games"

champions of the NFL and AFL, will soon be the most intriguing single sports event of the year.

Just how big is this pro football boom?

Attendance at NFL games last season exceeded four million. The average crowd topped 43,000. It's all money in the bank before the kickoff for the first game. In 1956, the New York Giants sold 17,000 season tickets. In 1963, they sold 51,000!

In Green Bay, Wisconsin, the Packers play in a stadium that seats two-thirds of the entire town's population of 63,000. Every game is sold out.

So it goes. For winning the pro title in 1933, each Chicago Bear player earned \$210.34. For winning the pro title 30 years later, each Chicago Bear earned 25 times as much.

Even the fringe beneficiaries are raking it in. Motel operators in New Haven, Connecticut, charge \$12 to \$24 a room on pro football afternoons, just so New Yorkers can drive past the 75-mile television blackout and see the Giant home game. The motels even provide scant-clad cheerleaders and drum majorettes and high-

school bands to entertain the crowd between halves.

But *why* such a boom?

With television the key, nearly all sports are booming. College football, golf, horse-racing, basketball, even bowling. Television pours millions into the baseball pot.

But of all the thriving sports, professional football is the lustiest, biggest, most golden. You must go beyond television and its 40-inch Zoomar lens to explain the phenomenon.

The answer lies in the game itself.

Football is a game that has seized America's imagination, because—in this day and age—it has become the most American of all games. We are not an aristocratic people. We are not a lazy people. In a hurry-up world, many of us will no longer tolerate the endless fidgeting of a baseball game. C'mon, we growl, let's get *moving*. Football moves. It moves with savagery. We are a nation used to violence, a common people weaned on revolution. Our history is splotted with blood. This generation knows of world war and brush-fire war, and is aware of total annihilation around the corner. So let's get *going*. 3

let's get *moving*. Football goes. Football moves.

And the way it goes, the way it moves is with a blunt, fierce rush of power. For all its razzle-dazzle, for all its fakery and elusiveness, violence rules football. If baseball is a lofty struggle between Sandy Koufax and Mickey Mantle, standing 60-feet, six inches apart, then football is a head-to-head duel between Sam Huff and Jim Brown.

Out of this elemental quality has been spawned a great sport. It is the sort of elemental quality that in turn spawns the most emotional of adherents. The fervor of football fans—pro fans—knows no equal today. The sound in the stands is like thunder, like the growling of great jungle cats. The stamping of feet rocks the concrete and steel. It is a fervor not far removed from religious fanaticism. If this offends you, the notion is not mine alone, but that of religionists. In September of 1962, the magazine *Christian Century* looked at pro football's \$600,000 Hall of Fame, newly built in Canton, Ohio, and the publication saw not merely a commemorative hall, but "a shrine." The magazine noted that the roof-and-tower combination of the building was not only like a halved football, pointing skyward, but resembled Gothic arches, aspiring heavenward. And, with tongue set firmly in cheek, it nevertheless went on to make certain truths:

"Professional football is an earthy, grinding, crunching game that suits the American temper. It has universalistic pretensions: every metropolis wants a team. It has missionary zeal; television spreads its saving word. With the annual extension of pre- and postseason activities, it will soon have a full church year. It lacks nothing in the way of votaries or sacrificial sufferers; just watch a football crowd on a December day. It has tragic heroes like Big Daddy Lipscomb, sages like Y.A. Tittle, betrayers like Paul Hornung, patriarchs like George Halas, and priests like Byron 'Whizzer' White, who presided over the Canton shrine dedication. The Green Bay Packers 'spontaneously' pray the Lord's Prayer . . . All the earmarks of high religion are there."

An earthy, grinding, crunching game. No one knows the true origins of football, but I like to think it began the day two cavemen saw something each craved, be it a piece of meat, an item of clothing, or a woman. Each seized the object, and tugged, and when neither could wrest loose his prize, each turned to family or friends for help. A tug of war developed, out of which have come the scrum of rugby, the scrimmage of football. In the fascinating book *Pro Football*, by Robert Smith (not only does football have its priests and patriarchs, it now has its poets), we learn that centuries ago kings and councils forbade football, and preachers thundered down God's displeasure with the sport. Football Day—or Bloody Monday—was banned at Harvard in 1860. Teddy Roosevelt found football so violent a sport in 1905, he threatened to abolish the game unless the rules were tightened up for safety sake. And that was the more effete college brand of football.

Games that grow out of such beginnings must eventually grow strong, or die. In Western Pennsylvania in the 1890s, the first pro teams were formed—miners and mill workers, playing ball on their Sunday off, and instinctively playing it right. The first formation was a modified T.

Football has its special flavor—the names of the towns where the game was first played, the names of the men, the terminology of the sport itself. There were the Greensburg, Pennsylvania, Athletic Association, where Princeton grad Lawson Fiskus played halfback for \$20 a game and expenses, wearing ribbed shin guards and a small knit cap; the Massillon Tigers, the Canton Bulldogs, the Frankfort Yellowjackets, the Hartford Blues, the Pottsville Maroons, the Staley Starch Company (of Decatur, Illinois) Staleys, whose player-coach was George Halas. And has there ever been a more fit name for a professional football team than the Green Bay Packers?

A cursory look at the roster of the players yields up the same bristling excitement. In the old days it was Bull Smith, Pop Sweet, Paddy Driscoll, Doc Roller; later, it was Johnny Blood, Cliff Battles, Pug Manders, Bronko Nagurski. And has there ever been a more fit name for a professional football player than Jim Katcavage?

None of it exceeds the color of pro football's lexicon: flooding the zone, mousetrap, buttonhook, bootlegging, stunting, slanting, looping, quick-opener, shotgun. And has any sport ever had a term more perfect than *reddog*?

So these are the men and the places and what they do, and this is the real reason for pro football's current boom: men who played an obscure sport, in small towns, in foul weather, for little pay, yet keeping alive the fierce spirit of the game, the fiercely American spirit, and passing it on to other men, in other towns. The link is a coarse thread, bright as blood, strong as steel.

Survival has not been easy. In 1906, Blondy Wallace, coach of the Canton Bulldogs, bribed a player to throw a game to Massillon. In 1946, a gambler named Alvin Paris was charged with offering a bribe to Giant players Frank Filchock and Merle Hapes. Later, we had the suspension of Paul Hornung and Alex Karras. All these rocked the sport. It has survived, to flourish today.

Not that the sport is totally clean. It is not, and I am not talking about gamblers and bribers who undoubtedly will be with us just so long as man is a greedy animal. I mean within the game. There is face-guard grabbing, slugging, kneeing, tripping, holding. One NFL team used to kitty up a jackpot before each Sunday's game, the money going to the player who racked up the rival quarterback so badly he'd have to leave the game. The racking-up goes on today.

Yet not particularly dirty, either. Teams carry their own enforcers, and each player knows he will get his if he exceeds the unwritten rules of tolerable mayhem.

It is not a pretty game, as you can see. As you can hear. Listen to the men who have played the game. Frank Kutzko, back in a coal league in Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, in the 1930s, said of an opponent:

"This is football. If I can kill him, I will kill him."

Vince Lombardi: "This is a violent sport. To play in this league, you've got to be tough—physically tough and mentally tough."

J. D. Smith, of the 49ers: "I love to hit them. I like to see their faces when they get up."

Bob St. Clair—the 6-9er who eats raw meat: "It gets you up, hitting a man, it gives you a jolt of that old adrenalin."

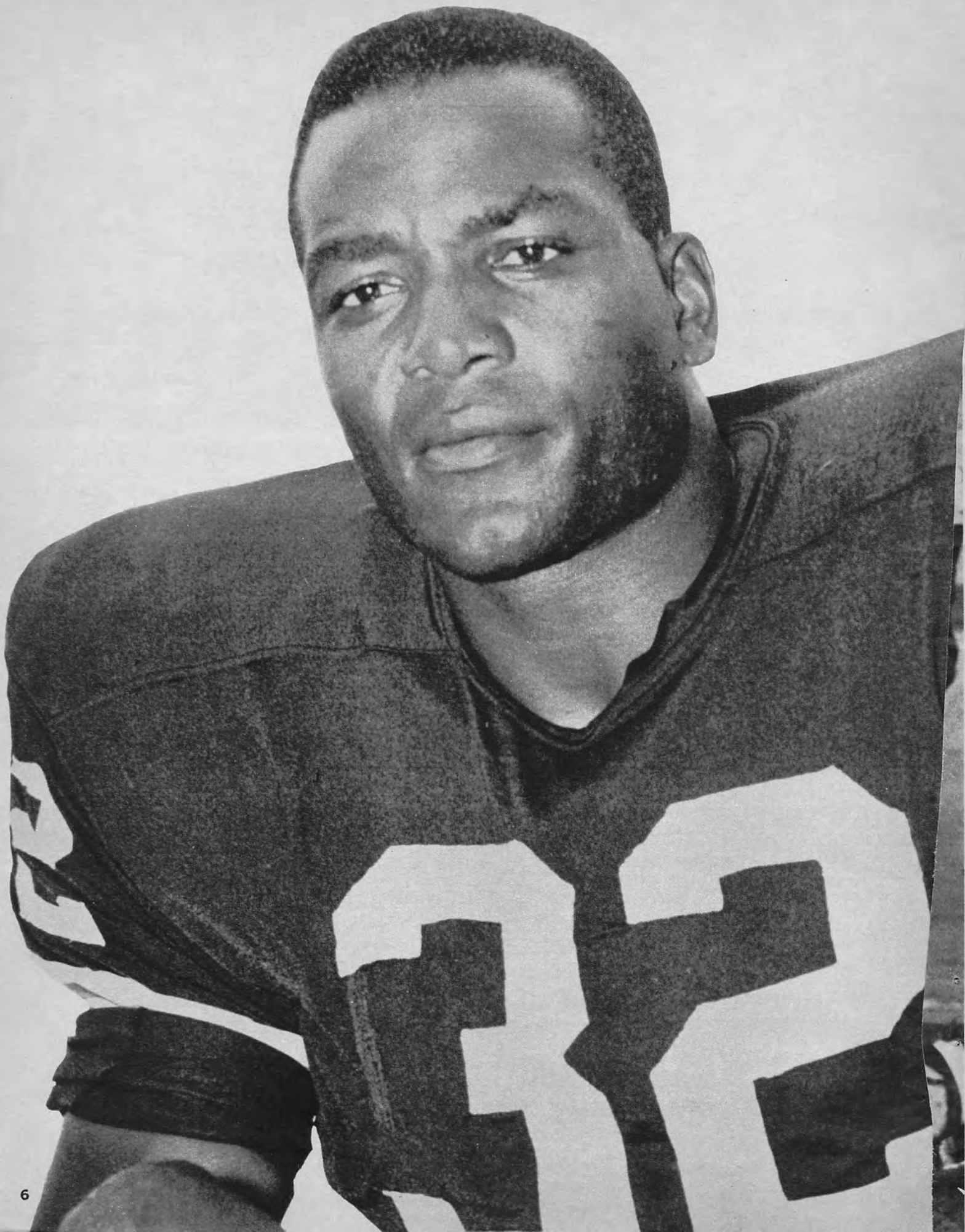
Yet to pass it off solely as a savage contest is to miss other salient features of the game, and to miss its beauty. Pro football has the classic grace and balance of ballet, the strength of weight-lifting, the speed of track stars, the accuracy of archery, the legerdemain of a magician.

And all this, and much more, is the reason pro football today threatens baseball as America's national pastime.

Not that there is not room for each. There is. The differences between the two are enormous. The main difference, I think, is the difference between summer and winter. It is the difference between lazy grace under a warm and sapping sun, and brute power, blunted but not stymied by howling white wind or deep mud. Summer is the noble season, the time of yachts, and moonlit cruises, and willowy women in gossamer, summer soldiers and sunshine patriots, and the time of baseball, with its nonchalance, its spread-out elegance, its lonely majesty of the individual on the mound, or at the plate, or in far-off centerfield.

But winter is the coarse, the common season, the time of chains on tires, of chilblains, of galoshes and earmuffs, the time of Valley Forge, and the time of football, with its huddles, its close-in violence, its furious race against the clock on a frozen field. And it speaks to America.





His Future In Life

By Hal Lebovitz

At 28, Jim Brown's future seems to lie in many directions.

Not only can he carve a permanent career in football, but also in sundry other lucrative occupations

JIM BROWN, football player.

Jim Brown, marketing and public relations expert.

Jim Brown, columnist.

Jim Brown, radio-television sports announcer.

Jim Brown, movie actor.

Jim Brown, the Cleveland Browns' remarkable fullback, said by several experts to be the greatest ball-carrier in the history of the game, has proved highly capable of earning a fine living at professions other than football. Unquestionably his football success opened the avenues to the other opportunities. Regardless, they are now beckoning to him. Which raises the question: Whither Jim Brown? Which avenue will he pursue in the future? Or will he continue to run successfully down them all? An examination of each is in order:

JIM BROWN, football player—There are few football worlds left for him to conquer. Already he has smashed all the major rushing marks. Last season he gained 1863 yards to break his own National Football League record, giving him a lifetime total of 9358 yards, an all-time high.

"Records are nice," says Jim. "But they don't tell the full story. You only can set records if you're given a chance to carry the ball. I'm lucky I've had the opportunity."

He says flatly he isn't shooting for records. These are not his goals. "If they come, they come," he says.

Indestructible though he may appear to be, Jim obviously can't play football forever. How long does he give himself? "No goals on this either," he grins. "I'll play as long as I enjoy it."

Arthur Modell, the Browns' president and major stockholder who admittedly considers Jim's contract an asset second only to the franchise itself, says, "I'm looking forward to four good years from him. Being the physical phenomenon that he is, I think he could play with full value to us—and to himself—for another four seasons."

Blanton Collier, the Browns' coach, sees Jim playing a fifth year. "Until he's 33," says Collier. "That's not too old." Which would be after Jim has had a dozen bruising, bulldozing years in the National Football League.

"A man who takes care of himself physically and who is as intelligent as Jim, can go on as long as he has it in his heart," explains Collier. "This boy has an excellent analytical mind. He thinks out what he does. If he wants the football he could do it as long as the wants persist."

One great gridiron ambition remains for Brown, the desire to play on a world champion. "That's what we play for," he says. "To win. It's nothing if you don't."

But even when he eventually hangs up his uniform No. 32, certain to be permanently retired by the club, he won't be through with football, or the Browns. Not if Modell can help it.

"I look forward to inviting him to stay on with us," reveals Modell. "He's made too much of a contribution



to have him withdraw from the scene. I think he can render some service to himself and to us. Perhaps he'll stay active in Personnel, maybe on the collegiate level. What an asset he'd be scouting and signing players! Without a doubt Jim could make a great coach. He's extremely perceptive, has a complete understanding of what our coaches are trying to accomplish. He'd be invaluable to us at Hiram (the Browns' pre-season training quarters), working with the rookies, as well as the veterans who run with the ball."

Again Collier heartily agrees. "Because of his analytical ability, unquestionably he could become a coach." Collier says that once Jim is given a play and is allowed to run it several times, even if there is something basically wrong with its structure, Jim will come up with the correct way of making it go.

"I've learned this," says Collier. "After we give Jim a play, we better think twice before changing it. He perfects it for us by his moves."

Adds backfield coach Howard Brinker, "Give him a chance to analyze something and his thinking is pretty straight. No matter how much we study movies of Jim we find it awfully hard to second-guess what he does."

Jim and Modell have talked about a future with the Browns. The fullback hasn't any present plans to become a coach. But remaining with the Browns in some capacity—even part-time—is most appealing. He could play a role with them similar to the one Stan Musial plays with the St. Louis Cardinals. It wouldn't interfere with his other financial opportunities and would continue to give him the stature of a football association.

JIM BROWN, marketing and public relations expert—Six years ago, between football seasons, Jim took a job with Pepsi-Cola and the soft-drink company immediately began to train him for a permanent position. As a basic trainee he was assigned to every aspect of the business, from working on a route truck to the selling of vending-machine locations. Pepsi's aim was to develop him into a marketing and public relations expert inasmuch as 90 percent of the industry relates to these two fields.

He has done so well that Pepsi now considers him an executive, without official portfolio. But he's paid accordingly and has played a role in interviewing and hiring. Pepsi officers are delighted with Jim's work and especially pleased is Herbert L. Barnet, a fellow Syracuse graduate and chairman of Pepsi-Cola, who originally brought Jim into the company.

Says John Williams, Pepsi public relations executive who has worked closely with Brown for several years: "There hasn't been an assignment yet that Jim hasn't done to everyone's complete satisfaction."

An example: He made a tour of southern college campuses, giving speeches. Meanwhile he met with the college officials to discuss vending machine placements. Following behind Jim, the local bottlers came in and scored touchdowns at almost every spot Jim "softened" up with his name and natural charm.

Jim, himself, considers the education he has received in "special marketing," invaluable. He is aware he could use it to advantage with any company. The Negro market is increasing and so is its economic potential.

As of now, at least, Jim sees his future with Pepsi. He can continue to work for them during his free time, until he makes football a spare-time job. Then he could move into the Pepsi front office. They want him. "His future with us," says a top flight executive "is as big as his ambitions can make it."

Jim has remained in a modest home in Cleveland rather than buy one worthy of his income. Some day he

intends to move his wife Sue and their three youngsters into a much larger one in the New York area. This is a clear indication that the drink in Jim's future will remain Pepsi.

JIM BROWN, columnist—"Jim Brown Says" is a copyrighted column displayed prominently on the front sports page of *The Cleveland Plain Dealer* every Sunday, an edition which enjoys a circulation of over 500,000, far outselling all the other papers in the state.

"Jim Brown Says" has been so well received readers immediately ask, "Who writes his stuff?" This column has no ghost. Jim writes it himself.

He has a real news sense, insight and a clear method of expression. The monetary return from the column is small, though there has been some talk about syndicating it. The *Plain Dealer* is pleased with his efforts and unquestionably would be delighted to have him become a full-time contributor whenever he is so inclined. Being knowledgeable in all sports, his byline on a story would make it more authentic. There is a distant possibility of a future for him in the newspaper field, part-time or full-time.

JIM BROWN, radio-television commentator—Two years ago Jim did a pre-recorded show for Pepsi-Cola that was carried in various markets. It was well received. Pepsi also employed him to do its commercials and offer ringside comments at the Clay-Liston fight. He teamed up with Howard Cosell and Rocky Marciano and the reaction received by Pepsi was flattering.

In Cleveland, Jim had his own television show during the football season, coming on Saturday afternoons and Sunday nights.

At first, Jim was, to put it kindly, not good. Apparently conscious of all the technicians surrounding him, he seemed uncomfortable and found it difficult to read scores and other copy smoothly. When one of the announcers who worked with him fretted in Modell's presence that Jim might be over his head in the medium, the Browns' owner observed, "Give him a couple of weeks. He'll surprise you. This guy won't be satisfied with mediocrity. He'll work at it until he becomes a pro."

Station WEWS wisely gave Jim his head. He asked to see the tapes, listened to his voice and the improvement soon became evident. Instead of reading from a script he was permitted to write his own material—say whatever he wanted. Once he criticized a trade the Browns had made, proving his free hand.

Un-sponsored at the start, soon Jim had a major product paying the bill.

Says Ernie Sindelar, operations director of WEWS: "He gives you that straight look in the eyes and this makes great contact with the audience. He has good nerve, too, which is important on camera. He came in raw. Now he's top drawer."

There is only one problem. Jim is so busy traveling he had to give up the program for the spring and summer.

"We'll welcome him back with open arms any time," says Sindelar, "and we have sort of a gentleman's agreement that he'll rejoin us when he's ready. With his sports background and ability to speak as well as he does, he's solid. Some day, when he's through playing, I'd like to see him try total play-by-play, or analysis. He'd be super."

JIM BROWN, movie actor—This was a role Jim never expected to play. He was in Los Angeles for the Pro Bowl when 20th Century Fox sent him a message, suggesting a screen test. At first he ignored it. But at the game a friend advised him to visit the studio. Jim did.

"I thought they might want to give me a bit part,"



Malcolm W. Emmons

□ Cleveland's super fullback is known for his skill on the field. Off the field he is an unusual and very interesting man, too. Here is a close look at Jimmy's unpublicized side

THE MAN BEHIND THE POWER

BY MYRON COPE

FRIENDS OF JIM BROWN, the Atlas of the Cleveland Browns professional football club, tell a story about him that no doubt has been embroidered with age but, anyhow, goes something like this:

It seems that Jim's fans, knowing him to be a lover of fine clothes, once gave him a bolt of silk with which he might have a suit made. (All his suits are custom-made because if assembly-line clothing manufacturers cut suits to fit a figure such as his they would have only one customer in the whole world.) Jim took the gift silk to his Cleveland tailor but was informed the material was insufficient for a suit. Trousers, yes; a jacket, yes; both, no.

The next day the Browns traveled to New York for a game with the Giants, who pertinently had been troublesome to Cleveland and Jim. Jim took his silk along and consulted a New York tailor. The tailor went straight to work, measuring and cutting and stitching, and produced a splendid suit that fit Jim perfectly.

"Why is it my tailor in Cleveland said there wasn't enough material?" Jim is supposed to have asked. "You've been able to make this nice suit."

The tailor tugged at the ends of a measuring tape hanging around his neck, rocked on his heels, looked up at Jim and replied:

"Sonny boy, I'll tell you. Here, maybe you ain't such a big man."

It is entirely possible, of course, that the story of the silk was made out of whole cloth (ouch!), but in any case, neither Jim's fans nor New York tailors need worry about James Nathaniel Brown forming grandiose opinions of himself. Once, during a discussion of books at his home in Cleveland's Mt. Pleasant district, Jim expressed a liking for Chaucer and was asked why.

"Well, take Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*," Jim replied. "All of them teach some kind of lesson—something you can project into your own life." Jim related the story of Chanticleer the cock from *The Nun's Priest's Tale*. Chanticleer loved to sit on a fence and crow because he pos-



Jim Brown and Paul Brown, above, worked together for many of Jim's record-breaking seasons but Jim was unhappy under him.

sessed a marvelous voice. One day a sly fox appeared at the foot of the fence, and before Chanticleer could fly away the fox began to spellbind him with flattery, praising his voice and urging him to crow. Chanticleer summoned his best voice and as he mounted a crescendo he closed his eyes and the fox leaped upon the fence and seized him.

The fox ran toward a forest, carrying Chanticleer in his mouth, but Chanticleer's fans—people, dogs, hens, cows—set out in pursuit. At the edge of the forest, Chanticleer told the fox that he had won the race and that being a courageous fox, he ought to hurl derision at his pursuers before disappearing into the woods. This struck the fox as a good idea, but the moment he opened his mouth Chanticleer flew away. "Both the rooster and the fox had been fooled by flattery," said Jim. "So the lesson is, don't let flattery carry you overboard."

Jim Brown never has, even though he is generally called the finest football player in America. It may well be that he is the finest football player in history, though of course there is no way of proving it. He stands 6-2 and weighs 228 pounds of muscle and tapers like an hourglass to a 32-inch waist. Jim Brown's mahogany-colored face is handsome as the faces of statues are handsome, for he does not smile often—but when he does he smiles broadly and his face lights up with humor and feeling. On the football field he is a man of savage power and yet of grace and almost incredible quickness. As he carries

the ball, churning, veering, shifting speeds, the game of football becomes an art form which awes even the most insensitive of spectators.

And yet, with all his reputation, Jim Brown the man is virtually unknown to the public. Much has been written about him—about his infancy, his boyhood, his college days, his contemporary years—but when Jim is pressed for verification of these accounts, he acknowledges without resentment that his life, as recorded in print, has been a smorgasbord of fancy. For example, he has been portrayed as having been an insecure child cast about from one foster home to another. This makes good reading, but it ain't so.

As a football player Jim is generally described with statistics—columns of statistics which relate the records he has broken or is about to break. "Statistics," sighs Jim, "are very cold—cut and dried. They don't really tell the story. I know the story. I might have 250 yards and play a lousy game. I might have had a seven-yard average and not have taken advantage of half the opportunities given me.

"I remember a game against Pittsburgh," Jim goes on. "We're using what we call a full-spin 24 play, and our line is opening huge holes and I'm hitting the line and coming out completely clean. I'm even getting a few down-field blocks. But instead of going all the way two or three times by putting a sharp movement on the defensive men, I'm veering on them. Still, I finished with about 100 yards

SPECIAL JIMMY BROWN SECTION

and the papers said I had a good day. So statistics don't tell the story. I dislike them."

From reams of statistics as well as from photographs of the unsmiling fullback, there has emerged a public image of a strong, deadpanned Jim Brown, and nothing more. "This is Jim Brown the superman," says Washington halfback Bobby Mitchell, once Jim's roommate with the Browns. "The people think only of the physical. I go out to speak at banquets and it's always, 'Jim Brown's really a big brute, isn't he?' I really don't think people are aware of what kind of a man he is."

Brown, says Mitchell, is as much a man of intellect and humor as he is a man of power.

Even if you lived next door to Jim, you'd have difficulty knowing him thoroughly. Ray Hines lives next door, golfs with Jim and is his good friend. At his office in the Mt. Pleasant Medical Center, Ray Hines is Dr. Clifton R. Hines, a Negro physician, a convivial man. "Jim minds his own business, that's the type of fellow he is," says Dr. Hines. "You'd never know he was a big celebrity. He's just a neighbor—we talk about how to get the grass to grow better."

Still, Dr. Hines has observed that Jim indulges himself almost to excess in three departments—clothes, food and music. "He has shoes on top of shoes, hats on top of hats, and suits on top of suits," says Dr. Hines. "He had a derby once that he wore, and I called him The Diplomat.

He said, 'You know, Doc, you just haven't got nerve enough to wear one.'"

Incredulously, Dr. Hines has watched Jim toss down a bowl of fruit, a bowl of shrimp, several lobster tails, a large steak, and a heaping dish of ice cream, with no damage to the flat 32-inch waist. "When he enters his house he wants food and music," says Dr. Hines. "One of the first things he does when he comes in the house is turn on his record player. He'll play it as long as he's there, and loud. He's a great lover of Ray Charles music. I'm a progressive jazz man myself, and I don't particularly care about Ray Charles." Dr. Hines winces. "Jim thinks Ray Charles is an *artist*. He even likes rock 'n' roll. I tell him, 'That reveals your youth, boy. I'm a mature man.'"

Apparently Jim Brown has never bothered to set his neighbor straight. Once, a visitor called at Jim's house, a small, spic-and-span, white-frame dwelling with green trim. Presently Jim came home from football practice, lumbered straight to the stereo, and flipped the switch. The visitor braced himself for rock 'n' roll—but out came the smooth progressive piano of Ramsey Lewis. To a question, Jim replied that he likes to dance to rock 'n' roll but prefers to listen to progressive jazz, to show tunes, and, at Christmas time, to William Warfield's *Messiah*. While a student at Syracuse University he often listened to Bach—"not to develop culture but just to relax."

At college Jim made average grades but he did better

JIMMY BROWN STATISTICS

FOOTBALL (College)		Games	Yards Gained Rushing	Average Yards Per Carry	Touch- downs	PATs	Total Points
	1954	8	439	5.8	4	2	26
	1955	8	666	5.2	7	13	55
	1956	8	986	6.2	14	22	106
	TOTALS	24	2091	5.7	25	37	187
	1957 Cotton Bowl		132	5.1	3	3	21

BASKETBALL (College)		Games	Field Goals	Free Throws Made and Attempted	Points Per Game	Total Points
	1954-55	21	109	96-160	14.9	314
	1955-56	22	96	57- 94	11.3	249
	TOTALS	43	205	153-254	13.1	563

FOOTBALL (Pro)		Games	Yards Gained Rushing	Average Yds. Per Carry	Touch- downs	Total Points
	1957	12	942	4.7	10	60
	1958	12	1527	5.9	18	108
	1959	12	1329	4.6	14	84
	1960	12	1257	5.8	11	66
	1961	14	1408	4.6	8	48
	1962	14	996	4.3	13	78
	1963	14	1863	6.4	12	72

BROWN'S MAJOR NFL RECORDS		Most seasons leading in rushing (6): 1957-61, 1963 1963 Most yards gained (one season) 1863	
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SPECIAL JIMMY BROWN SECTION

than average in the philosophy of logic, a course that made a deep impression on him and seems to have formed the basis of his intellect and character. "It made me become *aware*," he says. In all endeavors, Jim Brown strives to be logical. He dislikes extreme opinions and assiduously collects facts before arriving at his own opinion. During interviews he often pauses before answering a question and says, "Give me a minute to organize my answer."

Of religion, Jim Brown says:

"My beliefs are simple. I believe in a Supreme Power and in treating my neighbors right. If you stick to those beliefs, there's not too much wrong you can do. I am a Baptist but I don't believe other religions are wrong. The differences in religions are *man's* interpretations."

Of movies, Jim says:

"I enjoy foreign movies, mainly because their portrayal of life is more realistic. Maybe their hero is a good guy, but not *particularly* good. I liked *The Virgin Spring*—I like Ingmar Bergman's stuff. When I watch a western and the good guy is fighting the bad guy and takes a chair away from him, I want the good guy to hit him with the *chair*. I don't want the good guy to take the chair away and hit him with his fist."

Of books, Jim says:

"I don't like to take a man and say he's my favorite author. A man may write one book that's good and an-

other that's not so good. I've read a lot of books on Cuba, say, because a lotta times I read newspaper accounts and know they aren't accurate. In the beginning I thought Castro was quite a guy, but as things started to change I didn't say he was no good either. I tried to use a little reason. To a certain degree, we drove him away. I'm an American and I'm proud of my country but I like to have an accurate picture. Naturally, I've felt the Communists have been using Castro and there's some things he's done have made him look like a madman. But what I'm trying to say is I didn't go from one extreme to the other, like he's a great guy or he's not a great guy."

Of sportswriters, Jim says:

"Most sportswriters I've met have been very nice to me. I have a warm feeling toward sportswriters. On the other hand, I realize that every once in a while they write something that isn't exactly accurate and it puts you in a state of depression because people read it and believe it and you can't just go out and tell them it isn't so. I once read 'Jim Brown says he's ready to break away Sunday.' I never said that. Well, a sportswriter has a difficult job—deadlines and all. Then, too, the public doesn't want to read everybody's a sweet guy. I always felt we benefit from talking to sportswriters. When you get to the point you feel you don't need them, you're in bad shape. I've never known a sportswriter I didn't like."



Brown, posing with a trophy, at left, has won many awards since coming into the NFL. He's been the No. 1 fullback of his time, probably the top fullback of all time. He has great running speed and power and he is a smart player, too. Other NFL players speak of him with admiration.

SPECIAL JIMMY BROWN SECTION

he was concerned. "There was no record of my causing anyone any trouble, so why should they make such an assumption. That bothered me. I guess I was supposed to listen and smile, but I'm not the smiling type."

In any case, only one coach at Syracuse immediately sized up Jim as a tremendous athlete—Roy Simmons, the lacrosse coach and assistant football coach. Basketball coach Andy Mogish, Jim recalled, thinking back, expressed an opinion to the effect that Jim was an ordinary athlete who might be useful in football as a lineman. (Jim later starred for the Syracuse basketball team.) Thoroughly annoyed by insinuations that he might be a playboy and by the failure of coaches to put his talents to work, Jim wavered on the brink of quitting college. Under the influence of Lieutenant Colonel Ernest L. Meggs, then head of Syracuse's Army ROTC, he remained in school and became an All-America football star.

Jim received an entirely different reception when he joined the Cleveland Browns in 1957. "The day I got there they gave me all the help I needed," he says. Here he is speaking of Paul Brown and his assistant coaches, for to hear Ed Modzelewski tell it, the players did not give Jim all the help he needed. "Big Mo" was then the Browns' No. 1 fullback. He recalls Jim's first appearance in a Cleveland uniform:

"We were playing an exhibition against the Lions and he'd just come in from the All-Star game at Chicago. He didn't know the plays very well and wasn't sure of himself. He didn't look too good so I figured, 'Well, he's just another challenger.' There'd been others. One kid before Jim—an All-America from Colorado—was sup-

posed to be the greatest thing since penicillin but they cut him and he went back to selling encyclopedias or something, and I kept playing fullback. So my first reaction to Jim was just that—probably another encyclopedia salesman.

"Then there was another thing going against him," Big Mo goes on. "The law of the jungle. Let's face it, I had a lot of friends on the team. They'd try to hit Jim just a little harder than they normally would hit in practice. But he'd bust out of their arms, and gradually you could see them gaining respect. You could see them thinking, 'Maybe he'll help us to a championship.' The writing was on the wall for me, so I became his No. 1 rooter. You know, I doubt Jim ever knew the guys were hitting him extra hard."

Ed Modzelewski spent three years watching Jim Brown from the bench and counseling him in the dressing room. For himself, Mo wished that Paul Brown would make him a halfback so he might have the honor of playing in the same backfield with Jim, but this was not to be and Mo finally retired. Says Big Mo: "You think my own son's favorite player was Big Mo? In our neighborhood the kids name themselves after football players—some kids are Big Mo and some are Little Mo (a brother Dick who then played tackle for the Giants), but my own kid is Jim Brown. Well, I myself idolize the guy. If I was a kid he'd be the guy I'd try to pattern myself after."

It remained only for Big Mo to put Jim Brown in his proper historical perspective, and he did. "I'll tell you," said Mo, "I feel like the guy who played behind Babe Ruth."

Martin Blumenthal

"Statistics," says Jim, "are very cold-cut and dried. They don't really tell the story. I know the story. I might have 250 yards and play one lousy game. I might not have taken advantage of half the opportunities given to me."





MIKE DITKA:

The Bears' Most Valuable

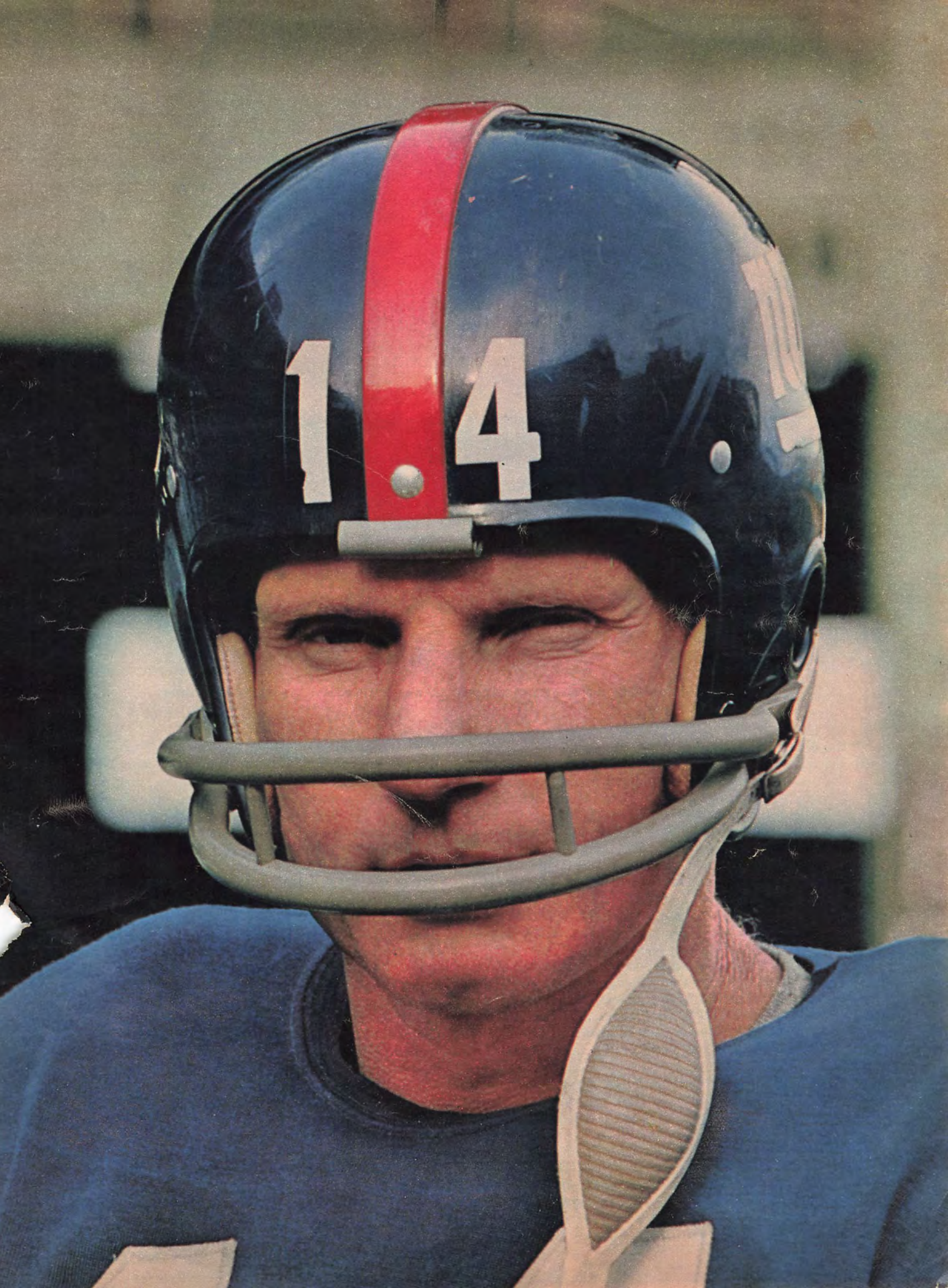
**A rugged tight end, he
sparks the offense with
his intense will to win**

"I'm going to get you, Ditka. You are a dirty player."—Ray Nitschke, Green Bay linebacker.

"I'm sorry you feel that way, Ray, but if you do, you better get me first because I'm going to get you."
—Mike Ditka, Chicago tight end.

MIKE DITKA says that on the football field "you got no friends," and he's right. For on Sunday afternoons in the fall, it's T (formations) and cookies (tough) they serve up, all right, but they crack more bones than smiles at these get-togethers.

Ditka, 6-3 and 230 pounds, is a



Make
Or
Break
Year
For
Y.A.
Tittle



Tittle can throw long and short and last year he was, statistically, the NFL's top passer.

So the NFL's leading passer and player of the year for 1963 (along with Jimmy Brown) will not retire at 37. "I'm establishing a world championship as my goal in '64," he says. "That is my personal, driving ambition."

This is the epilogue to a success story, perhaps the culmination. You can call it "The Old Man and the Knee—Part II."

Part I unraveled with a yank last December. It was Chicago vs. New York for the NFL title. And late in the first half, Bear linebacker Larry Morris rumbled across the frozen ground, beat Giant blockers, and chopped Tittle down as Y.A. was releasing a pass. Tittle arose, slowly and crippled. His knee was wobbly.

Yat retired for repairs and when the Giants came out for the second half, he was out there, one leg good, the other stiffened, and he was trying to lead New York to the title. But his balance and timing were impaired and the Giants stuttered. The Bears chewed away at the Giant offense, emasculating it and capitalizing on opportunity. It was their game, 14-10.

The Bears had intercepted two Tittle screen passes for touchdowns. "I contributed greatly to our defeat," Tittle said. Y.A. called the game "the greatest disappointment of my life in football."

There had been last-minute disappointments, too, in '61 and '62. After winning Eastern Division titles in those years, New York ran afoul of Green Bay. In '61, it was humiliation spelled P-a-u-l H-o-r-n-u-n-g. Hornung scored 19 points and the Packer defense never gave Y.A. a chance to limber up. The final score: Green Bay 37, New York 0.

Swirling 30-mph winds and bitter 15-degree weather didn't wear numbers in '62, but they were effective defenders against the forward pass, more than the redds and tight secondary coverage. The Giants, with Tittle, were the passing team. The Packers, with Hornung and Jim Taylor, were the running club. Packers 16, Giants 7.

These were the reverses. But Y.A.'s triumphs have far outgained the setbacks. There was his career with the San Francisco 49ers where he proved himself a big-leaguer and where he showed the Westerners the best new way to paydirt since they started panning gold—the Alley Oop pass to R.C. Owens. Owens leaped off a football field as if he were bouncing off a springboard and Y.A. would loop spirals to him. Owens would just stand in a pack and out-jump the defenders for the ball and he did it with consistent success.

Tittle, a 13-year veteran, became expendable when SF decided to stress its running game in '61, and he was traded to the Giants. He threw for 2272 yards and back-field coach Don Heinrich said, "Tittle was the difference," as the Giants won in the Eastern Division. In '62, he connected for 33 scoring passes and another Eastern crown. And last season, the Bald Eagle completed 60.2 percent of his passes and set a record with 36 touchdown tosses. He zipped short-rangers to Frank Gifford, Joe Walton and Aaron Thomas and he broke games open with "bombs" to Del Shofner. Until the championship game.

Now he's driving a 37-year-old body on a questionable knee toward a goal that has a history of retreating from him. Time and rival defenders pursue hotly as the Bald Eagle tries to make his swan song a lark.

NFL

1964

PREVIEW

By Berry Stainback and Fred Katz

Eastern Conference

Western Conference

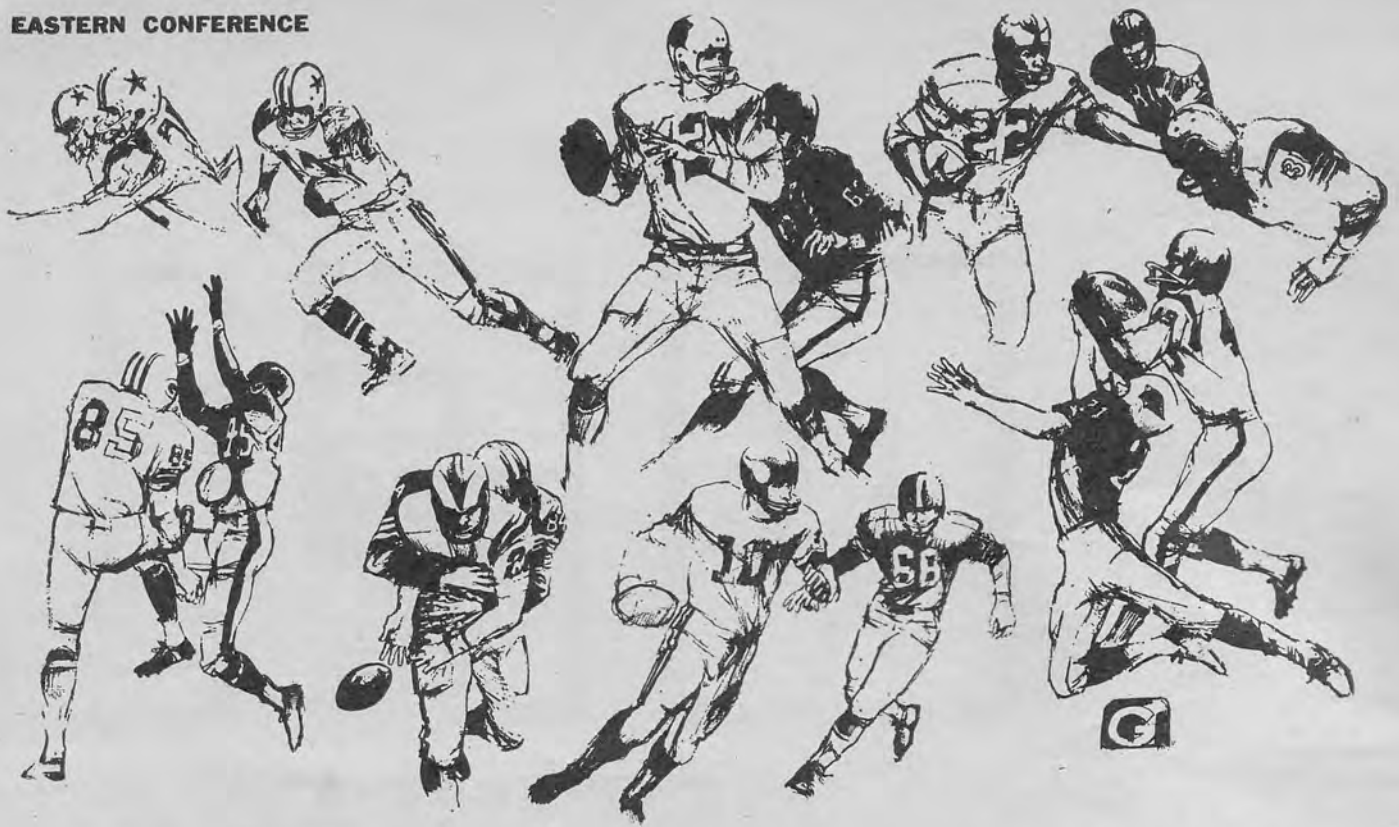


PETE ROZELLE
National Football League
Commissioner

THE NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE anticipates that 1964 will be the finest season in its 45-year history. This type of prediction has been made annually for many years and invariably is proven correct in the vital area of fan interest.

The success of NFL clubs in signing 23 of their first 27 draft selections, highly competitive races expected in both conferences and record advance season-ticket sales are all strong indications that the traditional pre-season prediction will again be accurate.

Pete Rozelle



This year's theme: always trade players in the middle of the spring

1. New York Giants

Sherman's march through the East should make him four-for-four in '64. What else is new?

2. St. Louis Cardinals

With a better pass rush, the Cards will fly as far as the Crow (John David) does this year.

3. Cleveland Browns

Brown and Green make opponents see red, but the secondary will leave Cleveland fans blue.

4. Dallas Cowboys

In Dallas you Dial McDonald, Perkins, etc. for offense; you dial New York for defense.

5. Washington Redskins

The Redskins will prove the cliché passé—no longer is the only good Indian a dead Indian.

6. Pittsburgh Steelers

Buddy Parker set out to strengthen his club, and in one swell foop gave away his top receiver.

7. Philadelphia Eagles

The new coach would rather switch players than fight. But now he has a nucleus to build on.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY TRACY SUGARMAN

Some call it "the toughest division in sports' toughest league"

Green Bay Packers 1.

Lombardi has been breaking up bits of the old gang but he's glad to have the ringleader back.

Chicago Bears 2.

George Halas' Bears will find that a good defense is a good offense—for a time. Time's up!

Baltimore Colts 3.

Unitas' passes will fly with the greatest of ease; for a defense, Shula is down on his knees.

Detroit Lions 4.

Detroit will have more influence on the title race than it's been having with its draftees.

Minnesota Vikings 5.

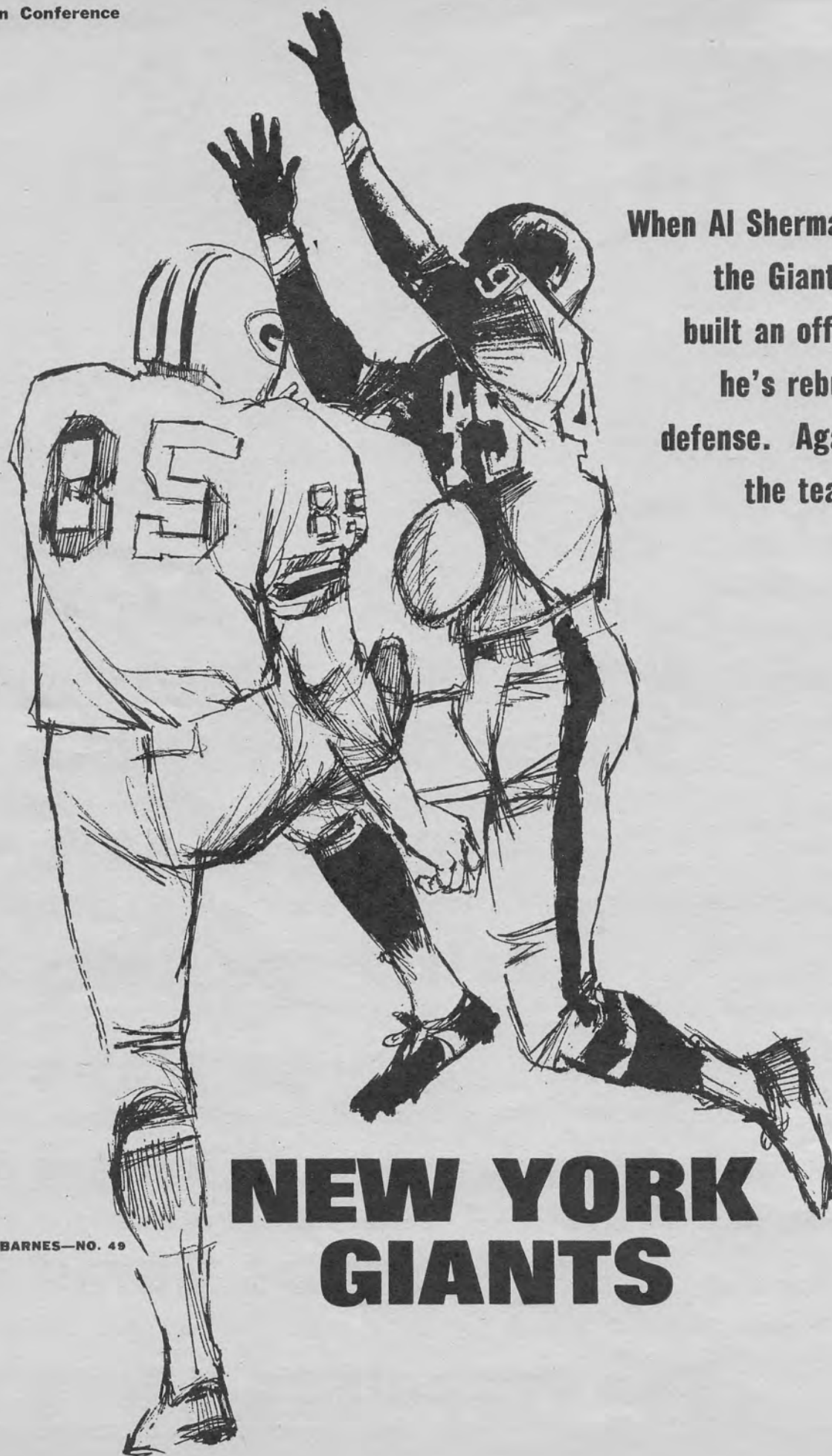
Van Brocklin has laid the foundation; now he needs a Mason to make the structure rise.

Los Angeles Rams 6.

There still is one consolation in being sixth in the league: The 49ers seem to be worse.

San Francisco 49ers 7.

Forty-niner opponents will leave their hearts in San Francisco, where the scoring is easy.



When Al Sherman became
the Giant coach he
built an offense; now
he's rebuilding his
defense. Again he has
the team to beat

NEW YORK GIANTS

ERICH BARNES—NO. 49

GREASY NEALE, who coached the Philadelphia Eagles when Allie Sherman was a substitute lefthanded quarterback for the team, was talking about Sherman for *SPORT* magazine last fall. "His weakness, and you can quote me," Neale told writer Myron Cope, "is that it takes him too long to make a change for the better. He'll let that team stick to a defense that has holes in it, a defense that he knows is wrong, and yet they've had it there so long that he doesn't think he can change the men. Allie's got new ideas of defense that he's never come to yet, because he hasn't gotten rid of the old Giant defenses."

He has now. Sherman traded Sam Huff and Dick Modzelewski this winter and encouraged Andy Robustelli, who was a playing defensive coach, to retire as a player.

It took courage for Al Sherman to trade Huff and Modzelewski. They were fixtures in a Giant defense that had helped the team win Eastern Conference titles in 1956, '58, '59, '61, '62 and '63. It took rare courage. But Al Sherman had earned the right. For Sherman more than any other individual helped the Giants to Eastern titles the last three years. He came in as head coach and built himself an offense; now he's rebuilding the defense. On his record, you would have to say he will do an excellent job.

For Allie Sherman is one very good coach. He did not want to give up Sam Huff, but he needed a strong replacement for Modzelewski, whom he did want to give up (he got Cleveland's Bobby Crespino, an end, for Mo, and the Giants need more ends like they need more season ticket requests). Sherman got a top defensive lineman in Andy Stynchula and a good utility player, excellent kick returner in Dick James. Of course, he gave up one of the league's great middle linebackers in Huff.

But Sherman feels he has another potentially great middle backer in Jerry Hillebrand, who had an exceptional rookie year in '63 as a corner linebacker. Hillebrand has size (6-3, 240), speed (five interceptions last season) and a chance to earn a lot of endorsement money this year. Bill Winter, who is St. Olaf College's contribution to the NFL and a good one, is the left linebacker. The right side is not as strong. Tom Scott, a 12-year veteran at 34, does not get back on pass drops as he once did. Al Gursky could be heard from.

Sherman is counting on another youngster to take over for Robustelli, Bob Taylor. A 6-3, 240-pound roughneck from Maryland State, Taylor showed well in spot duty as a rookie. The left defensive end job belongs to All-Pro Jim Katcavage, a rugged pass rusher. Stynchula will pair with him, while 283-pound John LoVetere mans the right tackle position.

The Giant defensive secondary is easily the best in the east. Erich Barnes is the perfectly qualified cornerback—tall (6-3), fast and tough. Dick Lynch at the right corner is a step slower but a fine diagnostician. He tied for the league lead in interceptions with nine last season, three of which he returned for touchdowns, an NFL record. Jim Patton, who has doubled as defensive backfield coach the last three years, has few equals as a weakside safetyman. Dick Pesonen and Allen Webb are both good strongside safeties.

On offense the Giants have been looking for that big, swift running back since 1958. They may have him this year among their first two draft choices—6-1, 225-pound Joe Don Looney and 6-3, 210-pound Steve Thurlow. Both are fast (Looney was a 9.7 100 man until he put on 15 pounds weight-lifting), hard runners, and Thurlow threw a fine option pass at Stanford. Bob Anderson, Dick Skelly, Alex Webster and Hugh McElhenny will be back if they're physically able.

The only runner certain of a job seems to be Phil King, who rushed for 613 yards and caught 32 passes in '63. Sherman prefers to use Joe Morrison as a receiver, but he can run, too (568 yards on a 4.8 average). Dick James will see spot duty.

Quarterback is set with Y.A. Tittle coming off his finest season. Behind him New York has only second-year man Glynn Griffing and Wichita rookie Henry Schichtle.

Sherman has more receivers than he can use. No one will displace Del Shofner at split end. Aaron Thomas and Joe Walton will battle it out at tight end. Flankers are Frank Gifford, Morrison, Louis Guy, Johnny Counts and Homer Jones, a 9.3 sprinter.

The Giant offensive line has depth, too. Greg Larson at center and Bookie Bolin and Ken Byers, guards, are young men, as are Lane Howell and Lou Kirouac, tackles. There's probably no better guard in the east than Darrell Dess (29). Jack Stroud, age 36, is coming off a knee operation. Rosey Brown, the other regular tackle, is top notch.

Unless Tittle gets hurt, no team seems capable of beating New York for the title.

ST. LOUIS CARDINALS



CHARLEY JOHNSON—NO. 12

The Cardinals' record improved from 4-9-1 to 9-5 last season—without their regular running backs. If they get that extra pass rush this year, they can challenge New York

IN 1962 THE CARDINALS had a 4-9-1 record, but everyone knew they were a better football team than that and expected them to improve last season. That is, until regular halfback John David Crow and regular fullback Prentice Gautt were injured. Gautt gained a total of five yards for the year, Crow gained 34 yards.

Yet in 1963 the Cardinals won nine games and lost five—the best record the team's had since it moved to St. Louis. Wally Lemm, in his second year as head coach, took the team to third place in the East last season. He did a remarkable job.

This year the Cardinals seem to have the solidest team to challenge the Giants in the East. Just how much Lemm thinks of his young club is reflected in the fact that he is the only Eastern coach who, as we go to press, has made no trades. Said Wally this spring: "We are looking for a general overall improvement in 1964, mostly predicated upon the factor of experience. In 1963 we were an exceedingly young team, and I believe that the pressure of the race was telling at times. Having gained the experience of being a contender should help us."

So too will the return of a healthy Crow and Gautt. St. Louis has so many good running backs that it has only one rookie runner coming to camp, New Mexico fullback Cliff Stallings. Joe Childress, a veteran spot player, did an excellent job as the regular fullback last year, gaining 701 yards and catching 25 passes. Bill Triplett, a defensive back as a rookie, was shifted to offense last year and also did a fine job. A speedy 6-2, 210-pounder, Triplett rushed for 652 yards on a 4.8 average and caught 31 passes. He will likely force Lemm to switch Crow to fullback this year—and few teams have a better pair of running backs.

The reserve backs are also capable: Childress, Gautt and youngsters Bill (Thunder) Thornton and Bob Paremore. If the Cards do trade, one of these backs will likely go.

The Card ground game was fifth in the league last year with 1839 yards, and a good offensive line was one reason. Center Bob DeMarco and guard Ken Gray are standouts. Tackles Ernie McMillan and Irv Goode are still improving. Ed Cook did well after shifting from tackle to guard last season, but he'll have a battle for the job this year from St. Louis' No. 2 draft choice, Herschel Turner of Kentucky.

The Cards are also hoping to add depth at quarterback behind Charley Johnson. Buddy Humphrey was the only backup man last year. Jack Ankerson of Ripon may stick. But Johnson will play 99 percent of the time unless injured, and he's been very durable through his first two seasons of heavy play. Last year Johnson proved himself to be one of the NFL's top young quarterbacks. He was the fifth best passer in '63, according to the league rating system, completing 222 of 423 passes for 3280 yards and 28 touchdowns. He trailed only Y.A. Tittle in the latter two statistics. He does not throw an especially good long pass and does not throw away the ball enough when his receivers are covered. But Charley is improving.

One reason to expect more from Johnson in '64 is that he'll have Taz Anderson back at tight end. Rookie Jackie Smith did a good job filling in for the injured Anderson as a receiver, catching 28 passes, but cannot block with Taz. Anderson, who caught 35 passes as a sophomore in '62, will help both the passing game and running game with his blocking.

Johnson's other receivers are first-rate, too. Flankerback Bobby Joe Conrad led the league with 73 catches and split end Sonny Randle caught 51. This pair also caught over 120 passes the year before.

On defense the Cards' biggest need is for another strong pass rusher to go with tackle Luke Owens, who really became outstanding in '63. Sam Silas looked good in spots as a rookie, but St. Louis figures its No. 1 draft choice, 6-4, 290-pound Ken Kortas of Louisville will hurt some people this year. Joe Robb and Don Brumm are the ends.

The team has a good secondary unit in corners Pat Fischer and Jimmy Hill and safeties Larry Wilson and Jerry Stovall. Rookie Mike Fracchia is the best bet to see action here. Bill Koman and Dale Meinert are fine linebackers; Marion Rushing and Larry Stallings are becoming more effective with experience.

But the key to St. Louis' hopes is a stronger pass rush—to solidify the whole defense.

CLEVELAND BROWNS

You combine a fine offensive line, a good halfback and football's greatest fullback with a limited quarterback and a porous secondary—and the results are more frustration

A MAN WHO PICKS the Cleveland Browns to finish third could develop a very nasty twitch when he thinks about it. For instance, the Cardinals are here picked ahead of the Browns. Yet, if John David Crow comes back and has an excellent year, he could gain around 1000 yards; and if his running mate, Bill Triplett, increases his first-year production by 150 yards, he will gain 800 for another excellent year.

Jimmy Brown gained more than 1800 yards himself last year, averaging 6.4 yards every time he rushed the football. And his running mate, second-year man Ernie Green, rushed for 526 yards on a 6.0 average. Jimmy Brown is, of course, the greatest runner football has ever known, possibly ever will know. Why, then, pick Cleveland second?

There are reasons. One is Cleveland's defensive secondary, the other is its quarterback. As Jimmy Brown himself has written, "The quarterback is the most important man in any team's bid for a championship." Frank Ryan had a good season as Cleveland's quarterback last year, finishing fourth in passing according to the NFL rating system. However, Frank had several bad games in succession, crucial games, as they all seem to be in the NFL. We don't believe Ryan cracked under pressure, but that the defenses simply caught up with him. Frank simply does not throw a football very well. His strength is the short to medium distance pass over the middle, that is, with a receiver cutting *across* his field of vision. His weakness is the long pass or the deeper pass where he has to lead a receiver running virtually straight away from him. When the defenses took away his short stuff and his flat passes behind the line, Ryan was in trouble.

Jim Ninowski is a better passer, yet somehow seems to lack Ryan's leadership qualities.

The team's receivers are good but not exceptional. Coach Blanton Collier has considered moving Gary Collins to split end so that either Tom Hutchinson and/or speedy Clift McNeil can play the flank. Although Hutchinson isn't fast, he has marvelous hands and goes up well in a crowd. Tight end Jim Brewer continues to improve. He caught 29 passes last year, split end Rich Kreitling caught only 22. Collins led the team with 43 catches, 13 for touchdowns.

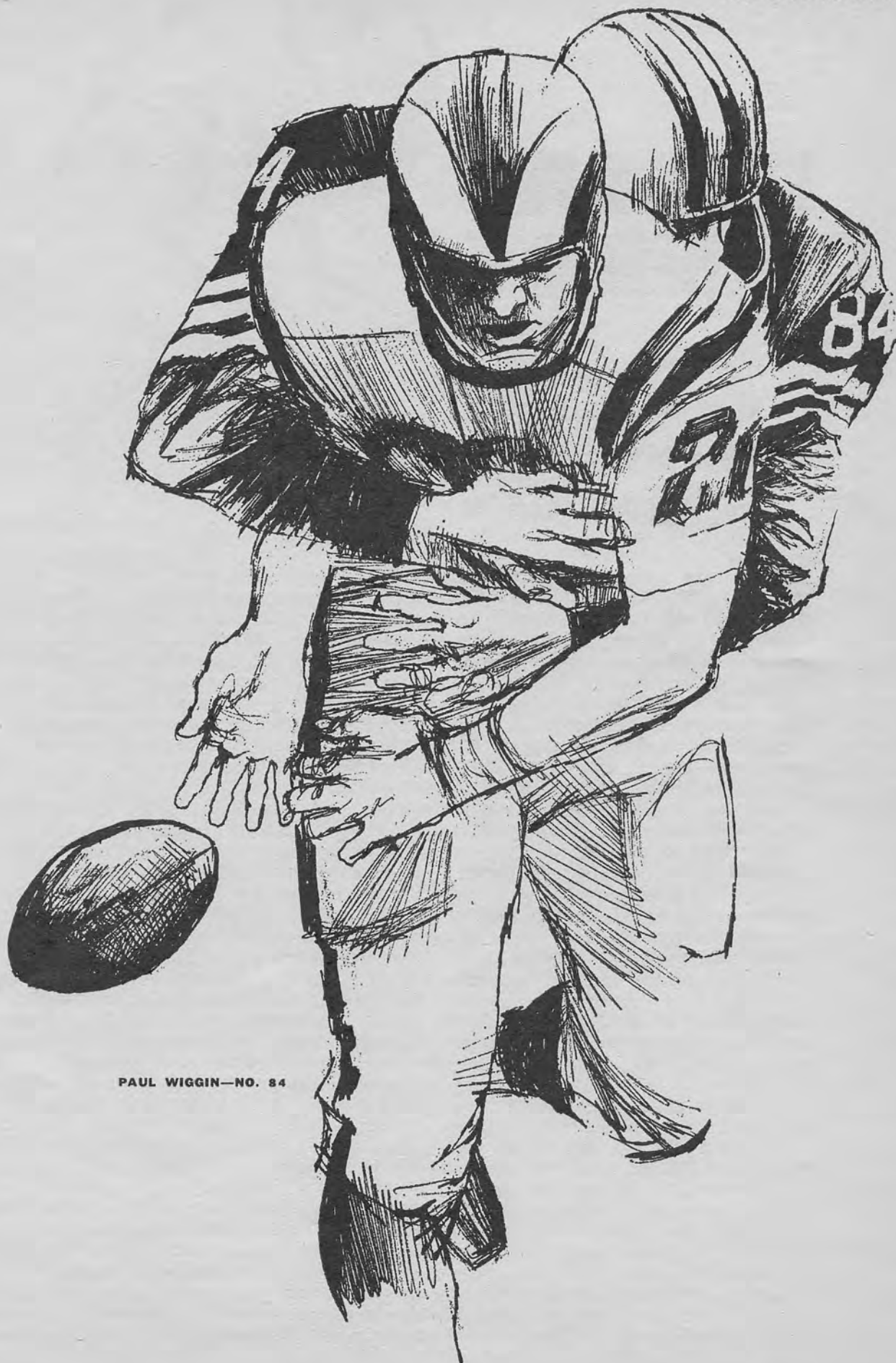
Collier would probably like to use No. 1 draft choice Paul Warfield, a sprinter from Ohio State, on the flank. But Warfield will more likely end up as a cornerback because the Browns' pass defense needs much shoring up. Jim Shofner has retired and Bernie Parrish did not have his usual good year, perhaps due to injury. Rookie Larry Benz (seven interceptions), the left safety, was Collier's best secondary defender. Ross Fichtner's play at the other safety fell off from the previous year. Maybe Cleveland plays too much inside-outside zone, too.

Of course, the fact that five of the club's linebackers were injured at various times hurt the secondary. Inexperienced linebackers do not pass-drop very well. It may also be that Galen Fiss, an eight-year veteran, and Vince Costello, a nine-year man, are feeling the wear and tear of the NFL. Jim Houston seems set as the other corner linebacker.

It is our opinion that Paul Wiggin is one of the league's best defensive ends, with Bill Glass close behind him. But tackles Bob Gain and Dick Modzelewski are both getting old.

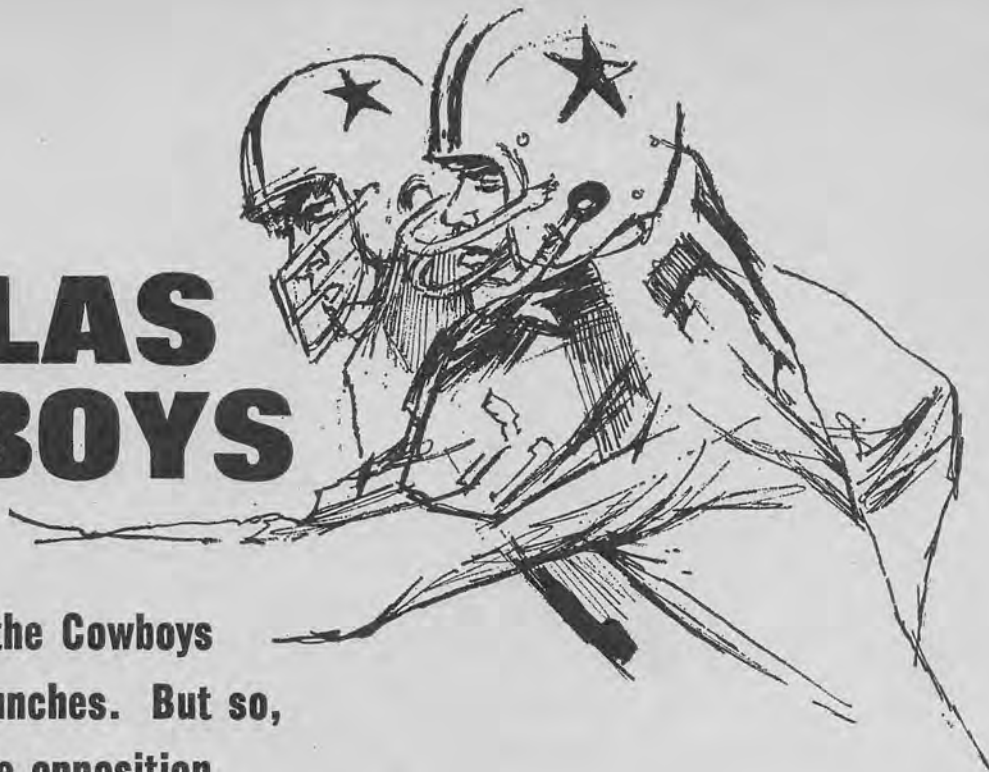
One thing Collier needn't worry about is his offensive line. Dick Schafrath is exceptional at one tackle, and John Brown did well playing regularly last year. Guards John Wooten and Gene Hickerson are both underrated. The centers are Frank Morze and John Morrow.

Jimmy Brown should have another great year behind this line, just as Frank Ryan should improve behind it after a full season as a regular. But not enough, we're afraid. And the defense, which gave up 129 first downs on passes and over 2700 yards, may not be improved.



PAUL WIGGIN—NO. 84

DALLAS COWBOYS



**As in '62, the Cowboys
will score in bunches. But so,
too, may the opposition**

TOM LANDRY has spent more time watching old Cowboy movies than Gene Autry spent making them. Coach Landry had reason to devote extra time to studying his Cowboys on celluloid this winter, for Dallas was the league's most disappointing team last season. Perhaps the pre-season experts simply rated this young club too highly. The Cowboys had a fine exhibition season in '63, but went on to win only four games in league play.

Dallas will not likely lose ten games this season. But it is unlikely it will win ten games, either, which is about what it takes to get into the title game as Eastern representative.

In 1962 the Cowboys were second in the league in points scored, touchdowns and yardage gained. The team's hopes for '63 were based on the young defense improving. The defense did improve, slightly, but the offense fell off, badly.

One reason was that Don Perkins, Dallas' great little halfback, missed or played sparingly in half the games. Another was that Amos Marsh, the big and speedy fullback, played poorly in half the games. The league's seventh leading rusher in '62 with 802 yards, Marsh finished 18th last year with 483. And he had some very weak games as a blocker.

The team's passing game was not very effective in '63 either. Its most consistent receiver was Frank Clarke, who may be the best long pass catcher in football. In the last two years Clarke has caught 90 passes for more than 1800 yards and 24 touchdowns. This year he'll have trouble keeping up this pace. Landry plans to play him behind Buddy Dial at wingback.

Dial was acquired in trade for a draft choice, which may go down as the NFL's biggest upset since Jimmy Brown failed to gain 1000 yards in 1962. Next, Dallas general manager Tex Schramm traded kicker Sam Baker and utility defensive tackle John Myers and substitute center Lynn Hoyem for Tommy McDonald. Landry plans to use McDonald at the split end and Pettis Norman, a potentially great young receiver, at the tight end. He feels his tremendous corps of pass catchers will help the running game as much as the passing attack. It's a shame they play with only one football, but there's no doubt Dallas will be more explosive this season.

McDonald, Norman and Clarke are all sprinter fast. Dial has good speed, as does Gary Barnes. Lee Folkins, the regular tight end last year, has very good hands and is especially tough down close, but he is not noted for his blocking.

After three years of playing behind or splitting quarterback with Eddie LeBaron, Don Meredith finally seemed to have found the handle by the end of last season. He completed 54 percent of 310 passes for 2381 yards and 17 touchdowns. LeBaron's retired and Sonny Gibbs—whose NFL experience totals a piece of an exhibition game—is his backup man.

Landry damaged the depth of his offensive and defensive lines with the McDonald trade, and he's counting on rookie Billy Lothridge to replace Baker. But Dallas' first-unit lines have come on steadily and figure to be better this year. Veterans Jim Ray Smith and Bobby



Fry will be at tackle, Joe Bob Isbell and Dal Memelaar at guard, Mike Connelly at center.

The defensive line could become very good. The fact that a lot of teams were after Bob Lilly is an indication of how highly he is regarded. He was shifted from end to tackle last season to make way for Larry Stephens at end. George Andrie, a 6-7, 264-pound end, could develop into another Doug Atkins any year now. Guy Reese, 6-5, 260, is the other tackle.

Dallas' linebackers are good, but they're not exceptional because they are small. Middle backer Jerry Tubbs pursues well but is not physically strong at 218. Left linebacker Lee Roy Jordan is even smaller and was out much of last year with an injury. Chuck Howley on the other side is one of the most underrated linebackers in football.

The Dallas secondary has never really developed into a cohesive unit. Cornell Green, big and fast with good reactions, showed very well in his first year as a regular. He intercepted seven passes. Veteran Don Bishop, the other cornerback, intercepted five passes. He played with a bad knee that's been operated on. Mike Gaechter has everything necessary to become a top weakside safety. Rookie Perry Lee Dunn from Mississippi is expected to win the other safety job from Jim Ridlon and Warren Livingston. Speedster Mel Renfro, another rookie, may also be tried here if he's not used as a running back.

The secondary is the unit that has to come on if Dallas is to.

WASHINGTON REDSKINS



BOBBY MITCHELL—NO. 49



With Sonny Jurgensen and Charley Taylor helping the offense, Sam Huff and Johnny Sample bolstering the defense, the Redskins could be the East's surprise team this year

THIS IS A crucial year for coach-general manager Bill McPeak. Redskin officials informed him he must have a winning team this season or forget it. How quickly those officials forgot the amazing job McPeak did two years ago. And last year, too, considering the injuries his secondary suffered. This season McPeak's team could surprise the East as it did in '61, for Bill made some excellent trades.

If you were starting a football team, the first two positions you would fill if you had the choice would be quarterback and middle linebacker. Like Sonny Jurgensen, Sam Huff.

Jurgensen was acquired from the Eagles along with Jimmy Carr for quarterback Norman Snead and defensive back Claude Crabb. No other quarterback has a stronger arm than Jurgensen. He throws short, long, behind his back, lefthanded with defenders marching on his shoulder pads. In fact, no one throws better with people all over him than Jurgensen, perhaps because he had so much practice with Philadelphia. Sonny has been hurt the last two years, but when he is physically fit—as he now is—he is up there with Tittle and Uhlir among the NFL's great quarterbacks.

He loses a great receiver in McDonald but gains an equally great one in Bobby Mitchell. And he gains, in addition, a good offensive line, something he's never had before.

Mitchell may well be the best flanker in football. In only two years in that position he has caught 141 passes for 2784 yards and 18 touchdowns. He will be even better with Jurgensen throwing to him and with better receivers going out with him.

Pat Richter will improve with a year's experience. As a rookie he caught 27 passes for 383 yards. But his blocking at tight end was spotty, to be generous, despite his size (6-5, 230 pounds). Richter hadn't played the slot before 1963. Split ends Fred Dugan and Bill Anderson caught 34 passes between them last year. They will be pressed for the job this season by Paul Krause, a 6-3, 198-pound speedster from Iowa, and 9.2 100 man Frank Budd.

The Redskin running backs should finally be respectable this season with the addition of No. 1 draft choice Charley Taylor. The 6-2½, 215-pounder from Arizona State is a bruising runner with excellent speed. He'll make Billy Barnes and Don Bosseler more effective. J.W. Lockett is a strong, quick 226-pounder who may finally live up to his potential.

Up front, the Redskins have one of the most underrated offensive lines in football. And it's young enough to get still better. Guard John Nisby and tackle Fran O'Brien are 28, center Fred Hageman is 27, guard Vince Promuto is 26 and tackle Riley Mattson is 25.

The defensive line is also a good one, particularly at stopping the ground game. End John Paluck is the club's best pass rusher and tackle Joe Rutgens has led the team in tackles for two successive years. Ron Snidow, who looked good in filling in as a rookie, will replace Stynchula at end. Big Ben Davidson and Missouri rookie George Seals could push 12-year veteran Bob Toneff at the other tackle position.

Washington's pass defense has been its biggest problem in recent years. Many people feel Huff, renowned for his play against the run, will not help the secondary that much. We feel he will help tremendously, not only by blitzing, but by getting back to cover against the pass over the middle. New York gave its linebackers much greater pass responsibility last year, and Huff did a fine job.

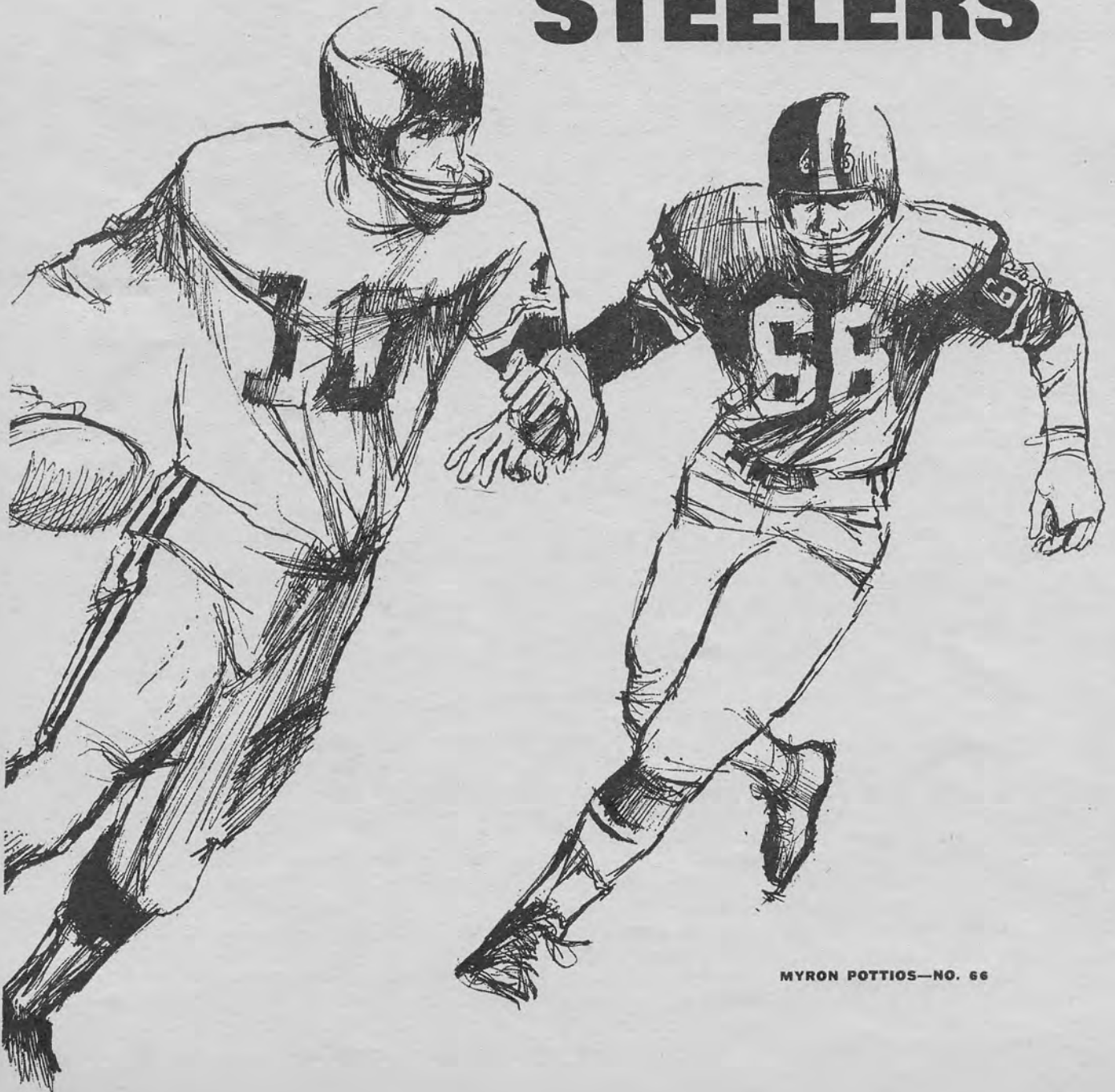
Rod Breedlove is one of the top outside linebackers in the East. Bob Pellegrini did a good job in the middle last year and he, Carl Kammerer, converted safety Jimmy Carr and a sophomore with potential, Harry Butsko, will likely vie for the other linebacker spot.

What hurt the Redskin secondary most in '63 was the loss of cornerback Johnny Sample. He returns from an operation to pair with Lonnie Sanders, who was victimized as a rookie early last season but who improved steadily thereafter. At safety, Jim Steffen is a deadly tackler, though he has had problems on man-to-man coverage despite his five interceptions of a year ago. Dale Hackbart is the leading candidate for right safety.

Washington could pull more than one upset in 1964.

An aging defense and an erratic
quarterback make Steeler prospects dim.
Whatever happened to Buddy Dial?

PITTSBURGH STEELERS



MYRON POTTIOS—NO. 66

BUDDY PARKER has been an NFL coach and a good one for many years. But sometimes he says funny things. This winter he said the Giants had traded away the title—after Parker himself had traded away his best receiver, and one of the league's best, for a draft choice he couldn't even sign.

Last season the Steelers came within one victory of the Eastern Conference championship. This year the Steelers will have trouble approaching that 7-4-3 record of a year ago.

Pittsburgh has long been noted for its rugged defensive unit, but it is aging and this began to show flagrantly during the last quarter of the '63 season. The defensive line needs help and with linebacker Andy Russell having been drafted into the Army for two years, Parker will have to find a replacement for him, too. Parker, of course, realized his defense was beginning to come apart, which was why he gave up Buddy Dial in an effort to obtain an exceptional defender like Scott Appleton of Texas. Buddy's best bet for the defensive line now is Ben McGee, a 6-2, 250-pound tackle from Jackson State.

The Steelers came up with a potentially good defensive tackle in Frank Atkinson of Stanford in '63, though Atkinson's 240 pounds might be better suited at end. As it is, the line is light (it sorely missed Big Daddy Lipscomb's 290 pounds last year). Joe Krupa is the lightest defensive tackle in the league at 235 pounds. Even Lou Cordileone is a rather small tackle at 250 pounds.

The team's biggest man is John Baker, a 6-6, 270-pound end who can look like one of the NFL's greatest linemen one week and one of its worse the next week. This was big John's problem with both the Rams and the Eagles before coming to Pittsburgh, and just what makes John not run at times is something Baker himself probably doesn't understand. The other end, Lou Michaels, is also inconsistent—as a field-goal kicker—but never as a quarterback dropper. Michaels comes strong on every play and is a good one. Ernie Stautner, a playing coach last year, will be back at age 39 to try it for the 15th season in the NFL.

Pittsburgh has a coming superstar middle linebacker in Myron Pottios, an agile 240-pounder who obviously enjoys hitting people. John Reger is not as fast as he was a couple of seasons back at corner linebacker, though you don't often run around him. Bob Schmittz and Bob Rowley will likely replace Russell at the other outside position.

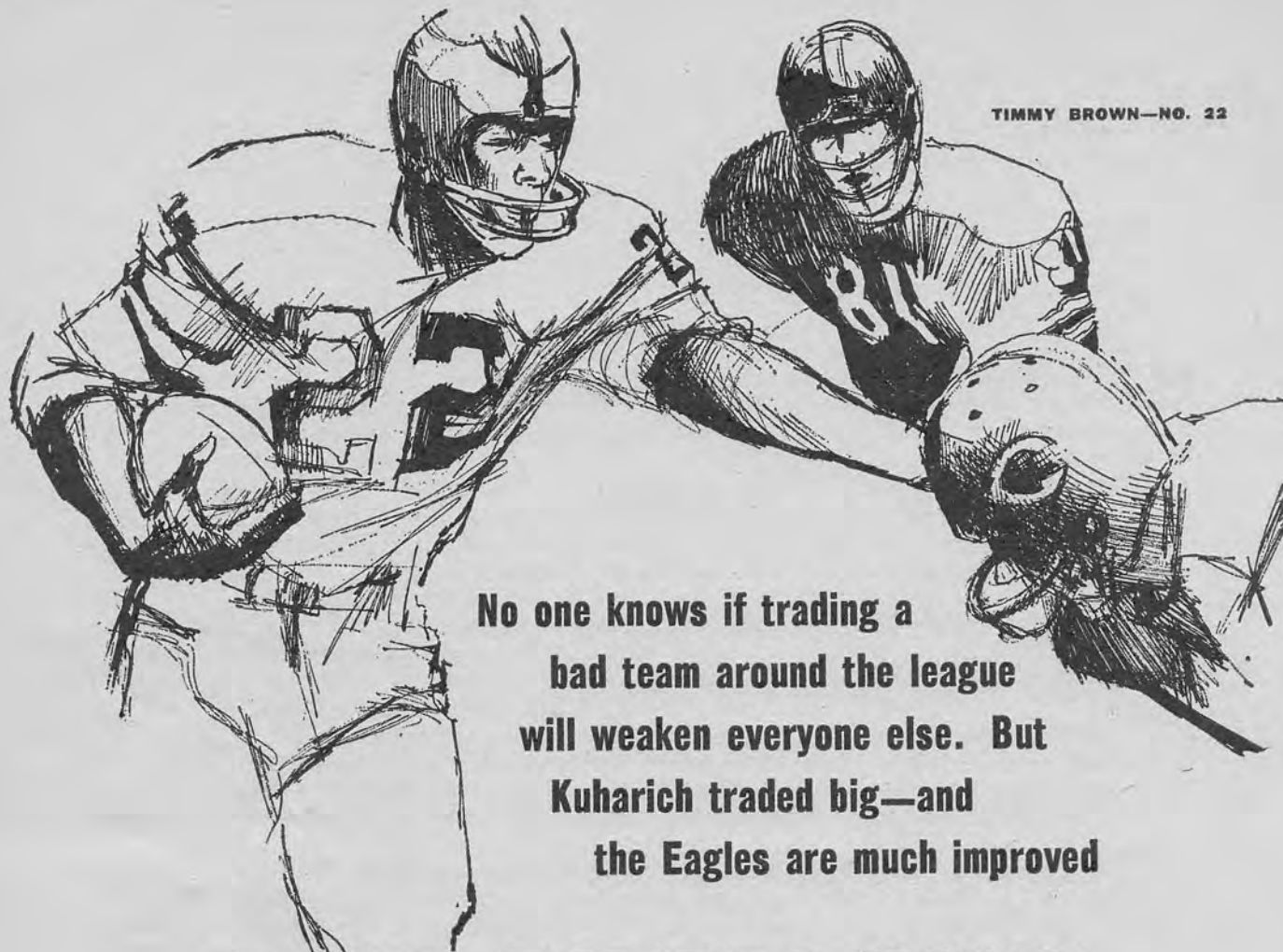
Although the secondary is the most troublesome area for many teams, it's one of Pittsburgh's strong points. Brady Keys is a speedy, improving young cornerback and a good punt returner. Glen Glass came on very well in his second season as a pro at the other corner. Clendon Thomas is a fine safety and Dick Haley is capable on the other side.

The Steelers' most impressive asset is their offensive line. Tackles Dan James and Charley Bradshaw, guards Ray Lemek and Mike Sandusky and center Buzz Nutter enabled the running attack to roll up 2133 in 1964. And none of Buddy Parker's running backs are game-busters. They grind it out.

Best of the grinders is John Henry Johnson, who rushed for 775 yards at age 34 last year despite hampering injuries, and he should be able to continue that pace this year. Dick Hoak is the heavy-duty halfback. Although he is only 5-11 and about 190 pounds, he is a slashing type runner who got most of his 679 yards through the line. But Hoak averaged only 3.1 yards per carry. Theron Sapp did a good job after coming over from Philadelphia.

Possibly the best runner on the squad, sprinter Gary Ballman, played end last season. If the Steelers' two top rookies, Paul Martha of Pittsburgh and Jim Kelly of Notre Dame, are impressive as receivers, Parker may use Ballman as a running back. Martha also could be tried as a ballcarrier, though he's smaller than Ballman. Red Mack, though small, and Preston Carpenter are also reliable receivers. Mack is exceptional in clutch situations.

But Pittsburgh's quarterback, Ed Brown, is not very good. He completed only 46 percent of his passes in '64 despite his fine line and better than average receivers. His backup men, Terry Nofinger and Bill Nelson, are inexperienced.



TIMMY BROWN—NO. 22

No one knows if trading a
bad team around the league
will weaken everyone else. But
Kuharich traded big—and
the Eagles are much improved

PHILADELPHIA EAGLES

WHEN YOU BECOME coach of a professional football team that has won exactly five games in two seasons you must be bold. Joe Kuharich, who took over the Eagles this past winter, played it boldly. He knew he didn't have many good players and he didn't mind trading a few of the great ones he did have in the interest of achieving balance. Kuharich gave up plenty, but had to with so many holes to fill. And Philadelphia is 100 percent improved, which is not saying a lot in a steadily improving Eastern Conference, but is at least a start.

The only poor deal Kuharich made, in our opinion, was in giving up Sonny Jurgensen for Norm Snead. Although Snead showed fine potential as a rookie three years ago, he hasn't seemed to have progressed much as a pro quarterback. He reads defenses better now, but still does not release the ball quickly enough (his 27 interceptions last year led the league) and is not agile on his feet when being rushed. Snead finished 11th in passing in '63, completing only 48 percent of his throws. Still, he is an intelligent young man with a strong arm and perhaps a change of scene will help him. But Philadelphia fans can be even tougher than Washington fans. King Hill and Jack Concannon from Boston College back up Snead. Concannon has size, a good arm and he can run the ball.

Kuharich did get a speedy and improving young defensive back, Claude Crabb, in this trade. Crabb will pair with Don Burroughs at safety, providing a good deep defense. Bur-

roughs, The Blade, is still a strong weakside safety. Irv Cross at right halfback is one of the most unheralded corners in the league. He's big, fast and just reaching his prime. Mike McClellan was drafted and the other cornerback job is open. Second-year man Nate Ramsey could develop, though rookies Larry Smith, Bill Swingle, Tom Boris and Ernie Arizzi will be tried. Veteran Ollie Matson could also be used at defensive halfback.

The defensive line, which couldn't be found most of last year, will be much stronger. Tackle Floyd Peters, who was acquired from Detroit with Matson for offensive tackle J.D. Smith, had a standout year filling in for Alex Karras. And John Meyers, at 6-6, 276 pounds, could become a powerful pass rusher with experience. Riley Gunnels, a top defender if his knees hold up, will play right end this year. Bobby Richards and veteran George Tarasovic are the prime candidates at the other end. Frank Fuller and John Mellekas are reserves.

Eagle linebacking is a relatively strong point. Maxie Baughan is excellent on the right side and Dave Lloyd did a pretty good job in the middle last year. Young Mike Woulfe could push him this year though. Bob Harrison and Ralph Heck are the leading contenders for the left side, but we wouldn't be surprised if Georgia rookie Mickey Babb, a quick, tough, 6-4, 230-pounder, wins the position.

Kuharich has done a tremendous job in gathering offensive material and he should take pressure off the defense by controlling the ball better. Timmy Brown proved himself to be the best halfback in the league the last two years and he's never played with a decent line or a top fullback. Just approaching his peak, Brown could really explode this season with Earl Gros blocking and running from fullback. A fast 6-3, 230-pounder, Gros looked great with Green Bay until he fumbled a few times early last year and Vince Lombardi lost confidence in him. If Ted Dean and Clarence Peaks are fully recovered from injuries that have hampered them the last two years, Philadelphia has two more fine running backs.

However, Kuharich desperately needs receivers now, particularly a strong blocking end, and Dean and Peaks could both qualify here if necessary. So, too, could Babb, who played end at Georgia. Pete Retzlaff, who last year caught 57 passes for 895 yards, is a standout tight or split end. The Eagles are counting on Ron Goodwin, a second-year man, to play the flank. Goodwin is as speedy as the departed Tommy McDonald, but is even slenderer and there is a question if Goodwin can take the pounding. Halfbacks Tom Woodeshick, Paul Dudley and Matson could also get a look here.

The offensive line has three newcomers who will help immensely. No. 1 draft choice Bob Brown (6-4½, 280) will replace Smith at tackle. Lynn Hoyem, a 253-pound kickoff team wedge breaker who came from Dallas with Meyers and kicker Sam Baker for McDonald will vie with soph tackle Dave Graham and guards Ed Blaine and Pete Case for work. Jim Ringo is still a great center and behind him Jim Schrader is still a good one. Howard Keys remains the No. 1 utility lineman as he plays tackle, guard and center.

"Our aim," Kuharich has said, "is a sound running and passing game complementing each other and with equal explosive power. It may take time to get it, but there will be no rest until it is achieved."

He is definitely headed in the right direction.

In '63, the Packers were one of the best teams never to win a title. This year, with a slightly stronger defense, they'll be better—and should have a championship to prove it

GREEN BAY PACKERS



JERRY KRAMER—NO. 64

COACH VINCE LOMBARDI GETS almost as much fun out of shocking people as he does out of winning championships, and the two aren't necessarily unrelated. Just when the rumor-mongers were resigning themselves to having guessed wrong about a trade for Paul Hornung, Lombardi pulled a little surprise: All-Pro center Jim Ringo and second-string fullback Earl Gros to the Eagles for 23-year-old linebacker Lee Roy Caffey and Philadelphia's No. 1 draft choice this year.

Lombardi likes his players hungry. When he shows so little reverence for a man who was best in his position last season, he's likely to leave them snarling. Of course, psychology alone doesn't make you a winner and there was solid reasoning behind the Ringo trade. For one thing, Lombardi felt the Packers needed a little defensive help. For another, he likes his team comparatively young and he's delighted he'll have room for as many as nine rookies on this year's club ("the greatest crop of rookies since I've been at Green Bay," he says). Thirdly, Caffey represents insurance in case right linebacker Bill Forester makes good his threat to retire. Finally, Caffey (6-3, 247 pounds and a 10.1 man in the 100), is a future star.

In short, Lombardi believes in patching a threadbare spot before it becomes a full-sized hole. Unfortunately for the rest of the conference, at no other place do the Packers seem to be in the least bit of trouble. (What about center, you say? Simple. Just move over tackle Bob Skoronski, who has filled in for Ringo in the past, and move up highly regarded Norm Masters into Skoronski's left tackle spot.) In almost every area the Packers rate near the top in the NFL and to analyze their strengths is to pinpoint the reasons they'll get revenge for that second-place finish in '63.

Theoretically, Green Bay should be stronger offensively with the return of Hornung, pro football's greatest multiple threat. And it may be more than theory, even though the Packers were second in NFL scoring last year without Hornung. Tom Moore again becomes the league's best reserve halfback (if he isn't used at flanker) after filling in well for Hornung (658 yards rushing, 5.0 average). Speedster Elijah Pitts deserves a better fate than being rated third. At fullback, Jim Taylor comes off another 1000-yards-plus year despite battling the effects of hepatitis. All-America Tommy Crutcher (TCU) is a fine rookie.

The best you can ever say about quarterback Bart Starr's short passing attack is that it gets the job done. Bart could be a liability to most clubs, but not to the grinding Packers. John Roach's retirement leaves only Zeke Bratkowski (if he isn't traded) as a veteran backup man. Rookie Dennis Claridge (Nebraska) comes in as a third-round "future" from the '62 draft.

Green Bay has well-balanced receivers in split end Max McGee, flanker Boyd Dowler and the NFL's best blocking tight end, Ron Kramer. McGee, 32, has slowed a bit but still caught 39 passes last year. Dowler led the club with 53, good for 901 yards. Bob Jeter's great speed makes him a valuable substitute at split-end-flanker, but he'll still have competition from rookies Bob Long (Wichita) and Tom O'Grady (Northwestern).

One All-Pro is gone from the offensive line, but two others—right guard and place kicker Jerry Kramer and right tackle Forrest Gregg—remain. Along with Fred Thurston and Masters on the left side, it's the best interior unit in the pros. Sophomore Dan Grimm is a top relief man at guard and the Packers did well in the draft, taking Nebraska tackle Lloyd Voss and 260-pound tackle John McDowell of St. John's (Minn.).

The speedy defensive backfield—cornerbacks Herb Adderley and Jesse Whittenton and safeties Hank Gremminger and Willie Wood—took down 17 interceptions in '63 and returns intact for the third straight year. Jerry Norton helps out at safety and does some of the punting. Best known of the draftees is Texas quarterback Duke Carlisle.

It'll be Forester and/or Caffey at right linebacker, Dan Currie on the left side and Ray Nitschke in the middle. Again, no unit will be better. Dave Robinson, as a rookie, did well when Nitschke was hurt near the end of last season and Ed Holler is another second-year linebacker. Frank Mestnik will shift here from fullback.

Except for sophomore right end Lionel Aldridge, the defensive line is an aging one. It's also a great one, with All-Pros Willie Davies and Henry Jordan at left end and right tackle respectively and with 34-year-old Dave Hanmer coming off one of his best years.

Last season—with a 11-2-1 record—the Packers didn't deserve to lose. It'll be hard to improve on the record, but they probably won't need to. This time it should be good enough for Green Bay's fourth title in five years.

CHICAGO BEARS

Little has been done to strengthen a feeble scoring punch; the Bears' great defense may not be able to save them this time

ONE OF THE THINGS THAT struck us at the '63 NFL title game (besides frostbite) was the chauvinism of the Chicago football press. You can't accuse one Chicago sports-writer of that, though—not when he picks the Bears to finish *sixth* in '64.

We readily accept his basic premise—that the Bears' world championship was a one-time thing—but not his prophecy of utter doom for George Halas' club. What will keep the Bears from winning again in the West? An impotent, unimaginative offense that scored less points than four other conference teams last season. The saving grace that overcame this weakness in '63 was, of course, a magnificent defense—a defense so great that some experts said they had never seen a better one. What are the odds that the Bear defenders can duplicate their overall performance? Too high to make Chicago a favorite for the title. For one thing, the club gave up just a little more than ten points a game, a practically unheard-of figure in the NFL. Secondly, the NFL has now had a full season to study the new cohesive defense unit that the Bears installed last year.

For three years now the Bears have been trying to get by with just two real pass-receiving threats—Mike Ditka and Johnny Morris. One of the results is that last year Ditka was the only tight end to lead his club in receptions and catch over 50 (59). Morris, at flankerback, caught 47. Chicago desperately needs a top-flight split end and Halas is convinced that 6-5, 240-pound rookie Billy Martin (Georgia Tech) could be it. If Martin shows he doesn't have the speed, rookie Chuck Logan (Northwestern) might work out. John Farrington and Angelo Coia are the veterans at split end but neither has been more than adequate.

Bill Wade doesn't rank with the NFL's best quarterbacks—he was benched early last year in favor of Rudy Bukich—but has learned to work the Bears' ball-control offense the way Halas likes it. Wade cut his interceptions from 24 to 12 last year and sneaked over for six touchdowns. Larry Rakestraw (Georgia) is the only incoming quarterback.

The Bears' running attack improved last year—which isn't saying much. Fullback Joe Marconi was the leading rusher (446 yards) and ranked 20th in the NFL. He and Rick Casares alternated until Casares injured a leg in mid-November. Particularly disappointing were the halfbacks—Ronnie Bull and Willie Galimore—though they both finished strongly. Bull is stronger, Galimore quicker. Like the passing attack, the running game is geared to grinding out short chunks of yardage with a minimum of mistakes.



JOE FORTUNATO—NO. 31

The award for durability on the club goes to center Mike Pyle, who hasn't missed a minute of offensive play in three years. On the capable line with him—a line that can't be blamed for the lack of offensive punch—are tackles Bob Wetoska, Herman Lee and Steve Barnett and guards Ted Karras, Roger Davis and Jim Cadile.

It is more than just coincidence that the defensive line, linebackers and defensive backfield each became, all at once, the best units in the NFL. Eliminating the stress on stunting, red dogging and man-for-man pass coverage, each unit became coordinated with the other two. Everything became simpler—and more effective. And good individuals became great ones. Like end Doug Atkins, who was fearsome rushing the passer. He got plenty of help, and should again, from Bob Kilcullen and Ed O'Bradovich. If Maury Youmans, injured all during '63, returns, Kilcullen could be moved to tackle. Earl Leggett had his greatest year at tackle until his knee locked with two games left. John Johnson was a fine rookie replacement and could be a starter. Other tackles are aging but still effective—Fred Williams (33) and Stan Jones (31).

The linebacking corps—starters Joe Fortunato, Bill George and Larry Morris and backup men Tom Bettis and Roger Leclerc—was brilliant all season.

Perhaps the Bears' strongest asset is their defensive backfield, which intercepted 29 passes. It's a fast, young group with no weak links. At safeties are Roosevelt Taylor (tied for league leadership with nine interceptions) and Richie Pettibon (eight). Cornerbacks Bennie McRae and Dave Whitsell each intercepted six.

There's only so much you can ask of a defense and there's one thing it doesn't do much at all—score points. Unfortunately, neither does the Bears' offense and this year a better balanced conference is going to take advantage.



JOHN MACKEY—NO. 88

BALTIMORE COLTS

Don Shula is building a potent, balanced offense, but the defense isn't keeping pace. The Colts will feel the consequences

IF YOU'VE EVER endured—er, uh, enjoyed—"The Original Amateur Hour," you'll doubtlessly recall Ted Mack's stirring words at the end of the program: "It is better to build boys than to mend men." Don Shula doesn't work with amateurs, but he seems to agree.

Shula, in his initial season as Baltimore head coach last year, deployed his youngsters constantly. The results at first were predictable: Five losses in the first eight games. Of course, inexperience alone can't be blamed. For one thing, the Colts' first-half schedule was loaded (Bears and Packers two games each). For another, it took awhile to adjust to Shula's complete transformation in pass-blocking assignments. But in the last six games, pleasant things began to happen. Like winning five of the six. And doing it with four rookies as starters—tackle Bob Vogel and tight end John Mackey on offense, tackle Fred Miller and safetyman Jerry Logan on defense. And using four other rookies (all of whom have starting potential this year, according to Shula) in spot situations—flanker Willie Richardson, quarterback Gary Cuozzo, tight end Butch Wilson and linebacker Butch Maples.

But even with all this youthful talent, Shula has not visibly solved one big problem: Defense. And now, with the retirement of perennial All-Pro end Gino Marchetti, defensive matters have worsened. The Colts need help almost everywhere on defense, particularly at linebacker. In keeping with his youth plan, Shula would like to shift middlebacker Bill Pelington, a 12-season veteran, to his old corner spot or make him a trouble-shooter, and move a youngster into the middle. Maples could qualify. So could rookie Ted Davis. Possible linebacking help was received when the Colts traded guard Palmer Pyle to the Vikings for Steve Stonebreaker. Don Shinnick, Jackie Burkett and Bill Saul are the other linebackers.

Where a replacement for Marchetti will come from is anyone's guess—a trade, hopefully, though Miller may be shifted there from tackle. Ordell Braase, as articulate as he is tough (he's the league's player representative), mans the right end spot. Don Thompson is also at an end while Jim Colvin and John Diehl are two experienced tackles. Wendell Harris, a defensive halfback the past two years, will be given a shot at safety. If successful, he'll team with Logan, Andy Nelson and Jim Welch. Lenny Lyles and Bob Boyd are the halfbacks.

Which brings us to the offense, and how about that big grin on Shula's face! Last year Johnny Unitas set a personal season high of 3481 yards gained through the air. But it's Shula's aim to have a balanced attack, which would in turn make the Colts' ultimate weapon—Unitas' arm—that much more effective. With halfback convert Jerry Hill doing well at fullback (440 yards, 4.4 average) and Tom Matte just as effective at halfback (541 yards, 4.1 average), the Colts ran only 37 times less than they passed. Neither runner can feel too secure, however, since Baltimore's first two draft choices were halfbacks—Indiana's Marv Woodson and Tony Lorick of Arizona State. Where does all of this leave Lenny Moore, potentially the finest halfback in the NFL and still only 30 years old? Injured a great deal the last three years, Lenny could fit in either as a running back or flanker, but his biggest role may be as trade bait for a top defensive man.

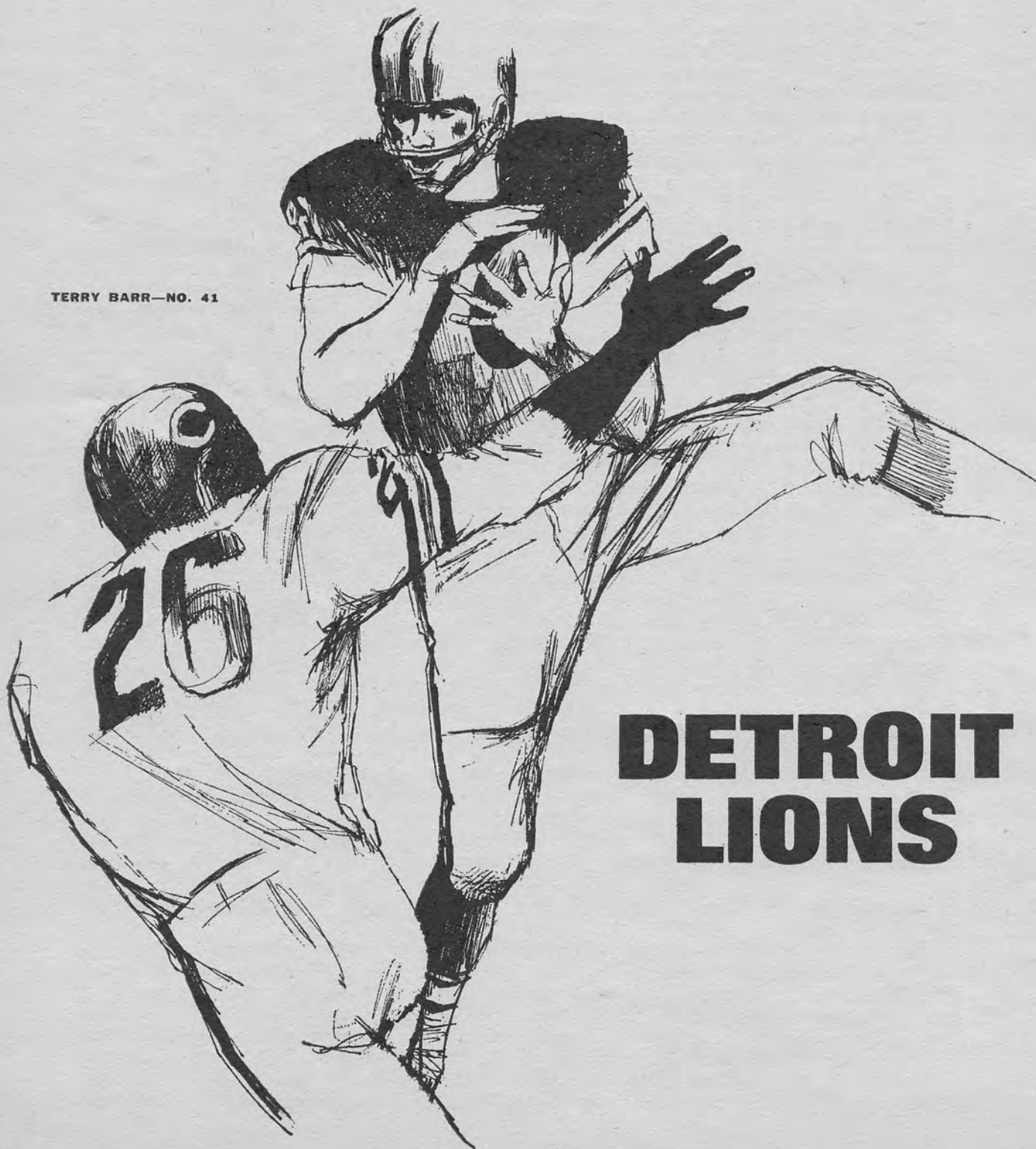
A passing combination fans will see a lot of in pre-season games is that of Cuozzo to Richardson. Shula wants both youngsters ready as understudies for Unitas and flanker Jimmy Orr. Shula can only wish he was as set in other areas as he is with pass receivers, despite the retirement of Dick Bielski who has become offensive end coach. Out part of the season with a dislocated shoulder, Raymond Berry still caught 44 passes for 703 yards and three touchdowns. Matte caught 48 for 466 yards; Orr, 41 for 708 yards and five touchdowns; and Mackey, 35 for 726 yards and seven TDs. In reserve are R. C. Owens and Alex Hawkins.

There's only one area where Shula blatantly foresakes his youth program and that's in the offensive line. The hefty, seasoned nucleus is composed of tackle George Preas, center Dick Szymanski, and guards Alex Sandusky and Jim Parker. Parker, without a peer as a quarterback-protecting lineman, is the "newcomer" of the group with eight NFL seasons behind him. All began to come around to the adjustments in pass-blocking near the end of the season and it showed in the record, as did the fine work of Ohio State rookie Vogel.

The points should roll up easily this season for the Colts and a disastrous start like last year's is highly improbable. If it's any consolation, they'll be a closer third than last year.

As far as George Wilson is concerned, '63 never happened.
Karras returns, no team can have that many injuries two years
straight and the Lions just may have a passing attack

TERRY BARR—NO. 41



**DETROIT
LIONS**

AT A GET-TOGETHER THIS past winter, the Detroit Press Club put on a skit that gave a few solid yanks to the Lions' tail. In it, Detroit general manager Edwin Anderson is depicted trying to sign a fictitious halfback from Felonious Assault University. Anderson offers the prospect an off-season job at the Lindell bar, but the youngster recites whopping offers from the AFL and Canada. Finally, the Denver Broncos win out at a picnic on the Riviera while Andy is still trying to arrange the rental of a stick-shift Falcon.

As far as we know, this isn't how the Lions lost No. 1 draft choice Pete Beathard or No. 2 choice Matt Snorton, but it's a reasonable enough facsimile to keep the Lions from talking very much about the ones that got away—this year and the year before and the year before that. The loss of both top '63 choices especially stung because the Lions could use a young quarterback of Beathard's potential, and a defensive end of Snorton's caliber could have been the eventual replacement for Sam Williams (age 33) or Darris McCord (31).

Even though Detroit won't have everyone in camp that it would like to, the club definitely has to be improved over its 5-8-1 showing in '63. The Lions sustained a never-ending series of injuries to key personnel. The defense was struck hardest, and when anything happens to the Detroit defense the Lions are in a lot of trouble. Coach George Wilson has enough to worry about concerning the age of his defensive unit (seven regulars are 30 or over).

The line wasn't hit quite as hard as the rest of the defense (only McCord was out for a while, for surgery), but there was a special problem up front: Getting along without the best defensive tackle in pro football—Alex Karras. Alex, of course, is back this year, which made his '63 replacement Floyd Peters a valuable property on the trade market. (The Lions traded Peters and Ollie Matson to the Eagles for offensive tackle J. D. Smith.) Karras' return on the left side is hoped to give right tackle Roger Brown (6-5, 300 pounds) a better chance to live up to his mammoth potential. Mike Bundra will relieve Brown. McCord on the left side and Williams at right end handle their spots knowingly.

The secondary is where the Lions were hardest hit by injuries and much of the club's chances of improving on its record (if not its fourth-place finish) depends on whether the key personnel can return healthy. Great middle backer Joe Schmidt has his injured shoulders to worry about and left linebacker Carl Brettschneider can't be his usual mean self if the off-season knee surgery didn't take. All-Pro Wayne Walker returns at right linebacker (he also does the kicking). Ernie Clark, Max Messner, Dennis Gaubatz and Monte Lee can fill in. Rookie Wally Hilgenberg will get a shot here as well as at guard.

In the defensive backfield the Lions had only one regular, right halfback Dick LeBeau, playing fulltime at season's end. The Lions can rate with the best back there if left safety Gary Lowe isn't hampered by surgery on his achilles tendon, and if left halfback Dick Lane and right safety Yale Lary have no further knee problems. At their ages, though (Lowe is youngest at 30), injuries often become chronic. Best of the reserves is five-year veteran Bruce Maher, then comes Dick Compton and Larry Vargo.

Last mid-season Detroit found an offensive weapon it hadn't counted on much before—the passing of Earl Morrall. If he comes anywhere near his '63 form—a team record of 2621 yards passing plus 24 TD passes—it'll take a lot of pressure off the defense. Milt Plum is relegated to backup man. Morrall has some great receivers. Biggest '63 surprise was flanker Terry Barr, who tied for the NFL lead in TD passes with 13. Gail Cogdill is an exceptional split end and Jim Gibbons is more than adequate at the tight end. If Pat Studstill is recovered from knee surgery, the Lions will have fine receiving depth.

The Lions' running backs aren't especially impressive. Fullback Nick Pietrosante hasn't lived up to his one-time superstar potential, largely because of the beating his legs have taken, and he'll be battling second-year man Nick Ryder and rookie Pat Batten for a job. Best Detroit running halfbacks are Dan Lewis and Tom Watkins and they're about equal.

A major blow to the offensive line was the death of right tackle Lucien Reeberg. Thus the trade for J. D. Smith, a proven five-year regular. Daryl Sanders won the left tackle job in '63 as a rookie. Long-time pros John Gonzaga and John Gordy are holdovers at guard, backed up by Dan LeRose (6-5, 250). Bob Whitlow is the center.

Detroit should be the most improved team (on the record) in the West.

MINNESOTA VIKINGS

Traffic between Minneapolis-St. Paul and the rest of the NFL world has died down. Van Brocklin has most of the players he wants; now he's waiting for them to produce

COACH NORM VAN BROCKLIN and general manager Bert Rose are like a couple of construction engineers who have spent three years building a foundation. Now they're ready to add the rest of the structure. If, for some reason, the base doesn't prove to be as solid as they figured—well, after all, how long can you be expected to work on a foundation, anyway? Viking fans shouldn't be concerned, though, for their team, now in its fourth year, has been built in Van Brocklin's image. And what is Norm's image if it isn't a winner's?

Van Brocklin and Rose have shuttled players in and out so much you'd think the underground railroad never went out of business. Now only two men remain from the 36 players originally acquired in the 1961 draft and one of them—end Fred Murphy—spent the last two years in the Army. The other is tackle Grady Alderman.

"We're pretty well set right now and can start growing up, both as individuals and as a unit," says Van Brocklin. "You'll notice the difference particularly in our defense."

No sarcasm intended, but if there's any improvement in the defense, it'll surely be noticed. Last season Minnesota gave up 390 points. Small wonder, though. Of the regulars in the defensive secondary, only linebacker Bill Jobko was playing with more than two years' experience.

Assuming that the secondary remains intact, the linebackers, lined up from left to right, will be Roy Winston, Rip Hawkins and Jobko. Left halfback Lee Calland knows what to expect after having NFL quarterbacks continually fire in his sector during his rookie year in '63. On the right side is Ed Sharockman, who averaged 19.9 yards on kickoff returns and led the Vikings in interceptions with five. Added defensive support should be provided by rookies George Rose of Auburn, a back, and John Kirby of Nebraska, a linebacker.

Most consistent unit for Minnesota in '63 was the defensive line. This year three of the four will be playing together for the fourth straight year. The big veteran tackles are Paul Dickson (6-5, 255) and Jim Prestel (6-5, 275). Jim Marshall, now in his fifth season, got a new partner at end last year—Don Hultz, who set an NFL record by recovering nine enemy fumbles. A first-year man who gives promise of being just as spectacular is 6-6, 250-pound Carl Eller, the Minnesota University All-America drafted No. 1.

The defensive foursome, with or without Eller, will have to be truly inspired to outshine, as a unit, the Vikings' pass receivers this season. Paul Flatley, 1963 NFL rookie of the



FRAN TARKENTON—NO. 10

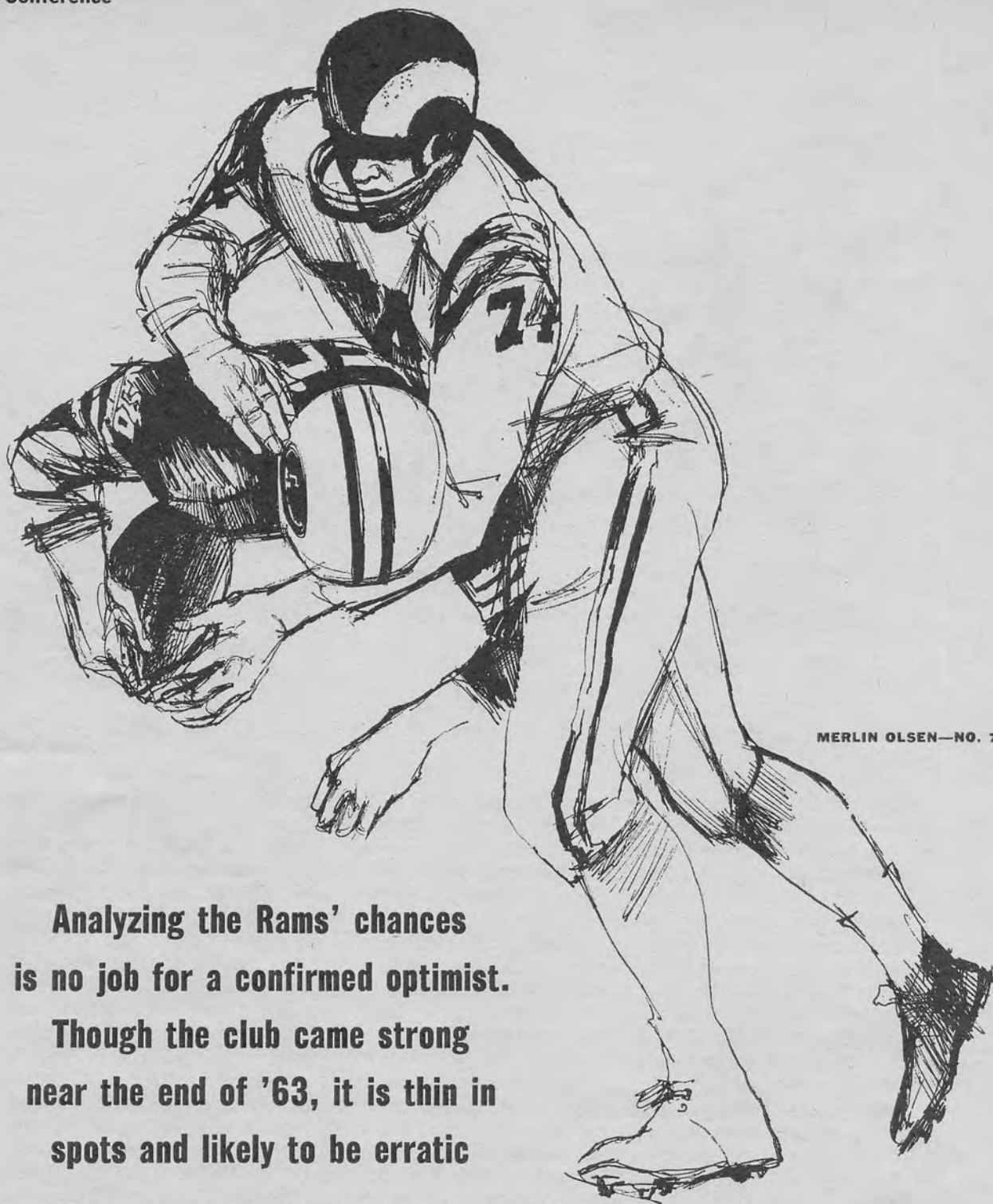
year, heads the list. A smart split end, Flatley caught 51 passes, good for 867 yards. Jerry Reichow, at tight end, caught 35 passes for 479 yards. Ray Poage, a flanker, was well on his way to a fine rookie year when he was halted by a mid-season injury. Other receivers include tight end Gordon Smith and flankers Leon Clarke, Jim Boyland and Bob Reed. Into this crowd of talent comes Hal Bedsole, the controversial end from Southern California. If Bedsole can give the Vikings the blocking they need at tight end, the job will be his. Bob Lacey of North Carolina is another rookie who can catch a pass.

Combine this pass-catching depth with the scramble for the No. 1 quarterback spot between Fran Tarkenton and Ron VanderKelen, and you have two good reasons why Minnesota's passing should be improved. Tarkenton has been getting better every year and in '63 ranked sixth among NFL passers, completing 57.2 percent. He'll be top man going into camp, but VanderKelen will be pressing him.

The least of Van Brocklin's worries is at running back—that is, as long as Tommy Mason can finally shake off the series of annoying injuries that has plagued him the past three years. Mason was second only to the Eagle's Timmy Brown among NFL halfbacks in '63—763 yards gained rushing on a 4.6 average. Additionally, the Vikings' first and only All-Pro caught 40 passes. Bill Brown and Tom Wilson shared the fullback spot but Bob Ferguson, traded by the Steelers in mid-year, or newcomers Bill McWatters and Darrell Lester could see action, too.

In the offensive line a replacement has to be found for Gerry Huth, a regular the last three years who retired because of leg troubles. Contenders include second-year men Dave O'Brien and Jim Battle, rookies H. O. Estes, John Gamble and Milt Sunde, and Palmer Pyle, acquired from Baltimore. Erroll Linden (6-5, 260) faces the challenge of rookies Wes Bryant and Monte Kiffin at right tackle. The other line spots seem set. Alderman is reaching his peak at left tackle and right guard Larry Bowie and center Mick Tingelhoff, each in his third year, are gaining in NFL know-how.

A very definite overall strengthening of the conference may curtail any rapid and tangible progress. And if that doesn't affect the Vikings, then their own weaknesses in pass blocking, punting, lack of consistent play behind Mason and general inexperience may bar the way.



MERLIN OLSEN—NO. 74

Analyzing the Rams' chances
is no job for a confirmed optimist.

Though the club came strong
near the end of '63, it is thin in
spots and likely to be erratic

LOS ANGELES RAMS

IF COMMISSIONER PETE ROZELLE were to follow President Johnson's lead in surveying poverty-stricken regions, Rozelle undoubtedly would fly directly to the West Coast. The only consolation to Angelinos is that Rozelle would have to go to San Francisco first. This season the Rams and 49ers again will be waging their war to escape the basement.

As for the Rams' war with the rest of the conference—well, that's a sad, frustrating tale. The passing attack—both throwing and receiving—is weak. The linebacking is thin. Fullback Ben Wilson may quit and go to dental school—and then again he may not. Through May, few noteworthy off-season trades had been made—this from a team that scored just 210 points in '63 and had 350 scored against it.

There are, of course, some strong points—one of the most pleasant ones being the offensive line. Greatest improvement in '63 was there, no small tribute to the coaching talents of first-season line coach Ray Wietecha. The line was strengthened a great deal merely by the iron-man play of oldtimer Frank Varrichione (32) and Joe Carollo (24), neither of whom missed a single offensive play. Reserve tackle Jim Boeke should have better luck getting into games this year. Ram guards are young and have better-than-average size. Charlie Cowan, who plays fulltime, is largest at 6-4 and 265-270. The messenger guards are Joe Scibelli and Don Chuy. Scibelli, at 255 pounds, has deceptive speed and is a fine blocker on runs. Chuy, the Rams' rookie of the year in '63, is the better pass-protection blocker. Center could be a problem. Last year's regular, Ken Kirk, may be moved to linebacker, leaving the pivot open to Ken Iman, who was obtained from the Packers.

Neither Dick Bass nor Jon Arnett was anywhere near his best in '63, but both have the proven class to again rank near the top of the running halfbacks. Behind them is Pervis Atkins, who lost his tight end job to Marlin McKeever late last season. Coach Harland Svare's biggest concern with the running game, though, is at fullback. Wilson was an outstanding rookie in '63. If he doesn't return, Art Perkins will be tried.

As questionable as the running attack remains, the passing game is even more so. Quarterback Roman Gabriel became a starter after the Rams lost their first five games in '63 and the club won five of its last nine. Gabriel is exceptionally big and strong (6-3, 221) but still inexperienced. Terry Baker was disappointing in his rookie season and is on a weight-training program to build up his throwing range.

Los Angeles got a "new" tight end when a trimmer McKeever shifted from linebacker. He's a strong blocker and has good hands but may be pushed by rookie Mel Profit. Barring injury, Red Phillips will move ahead of Elroy Hirsch and be second to only Tom Fears among all-time Ram pass receivers. Carroll Dale is LA's leading deep threat; last season he caught seven touchdown passes. But the Phillips-Dale combination is not the NFL's most feared, so there can be a spot for flashy rookie Willie Brown, who can also play defense.

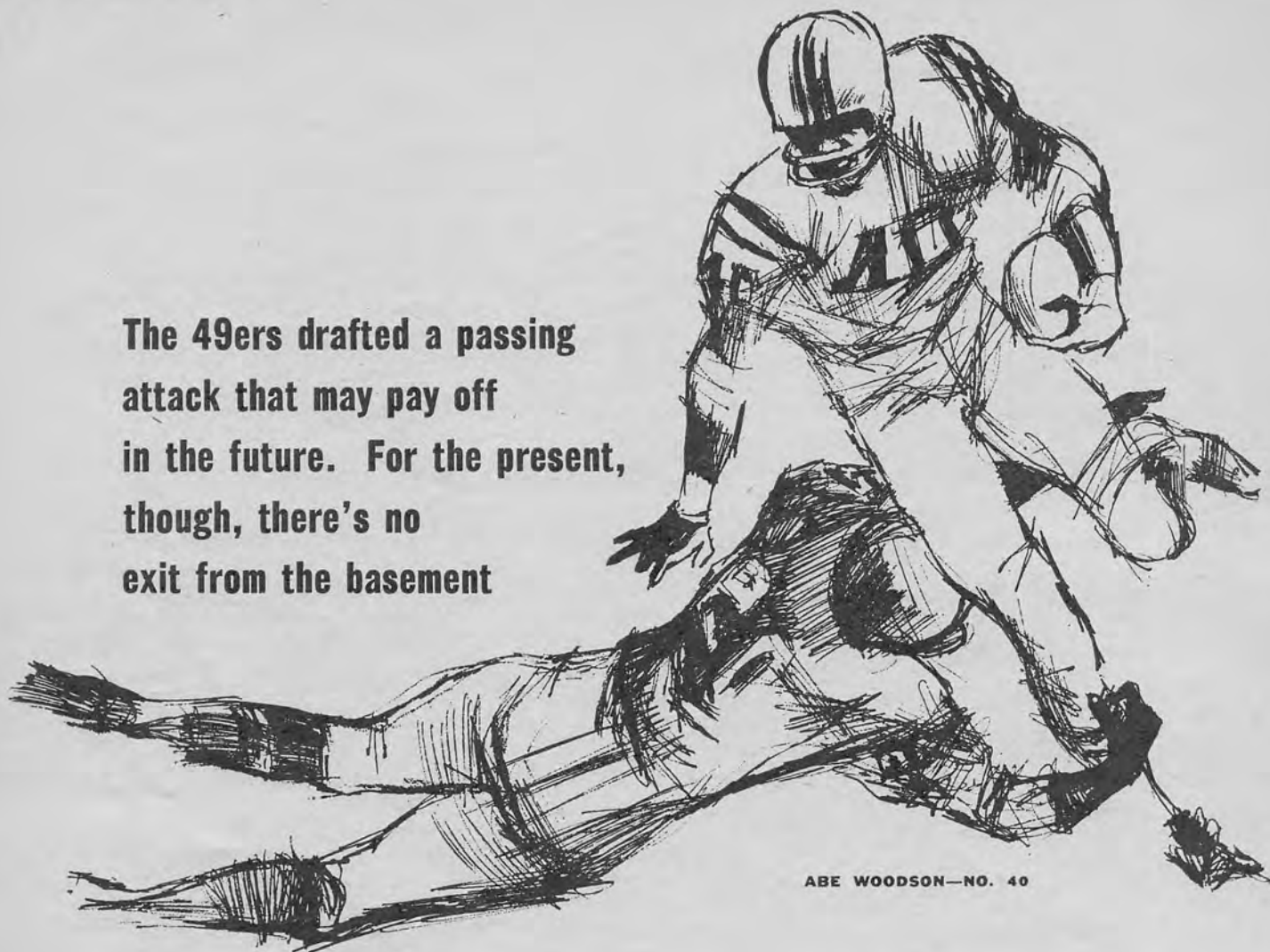
The Rams' defensive line is as big as any, and it's experienced. Sadly, it was also inconsistent last year. Merlin Olsen and Roosevelt Grier are the NFL's largest pair of tackles. At the ends are Lamar Lundy and David (Deacon) Jones. Lundy was the most consistent of the front four, Jones the least. Help is needed on the line and rookies John Mims, Roger Pillath and Rowland Benson all have potential. So does second-year man Fred Whittingham.

Left linebacker Jack Pardee is the best in any league now after his greatest of seven seasons in '63. Pardee had a malignant growth removed from his arm this past May after a 9½-hour operation; doctors say he can expect a complete recovery. Middle backer Mike Henry showed promise after switching from the outside, and so the right side became (and still is) a pressing problem. Cliff Livingston mans the spot but he's 34. Key to the situation is sophomore pro Bill Swain, who, if he comes through, can free Livingston for spot duty.

The defensive backfield, too, is thin after you get past highly regarded pros Eddie Meador (left corner and defensive captain) and Lindon Crow (strong-side safety and assistant coach). Svare feels Bobby Smith can do the job at right corner. Smith covers as closely as almost any NFL cornerback but has some bad habits to overcome. If Smith doesn't work out, Ben Scotti, obtained on waivers from the Eagles, could get the job. At the free safety spot, neither Carver Shannon nor Nat Whitmyer lived up to Svare's hopes last year. Rookies could play a big role here, particularly Jerry Richardson and Bill Redell.

Svare's club isn't bankrupt yet, but the debits do outweigh the credits.

The 49ers drafted a passing attack that may pay off in the future. For the present, though, there's no exit from the basement



ABE WOODSON—NO. 40

SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS

NOT THAT THERE WAS MUCH doubt about how the 49ers' two top '63 draft choices fitted into the club's immediate plans in the first place. But just in case there was even a little bit of doubt, coach Jack Christiansen set out to erase it this past spring. He went to the University of Miami for a week's stay and dispatched offensive end coach Billy Wilson to Texas Tech. On the respective campuses Chris tutored passer George Mira (drafted No. 2) and Wilson worked with receiver Dave Parks (drafted No. 1).

Christiansen may have struck upon a whole new concept in personal indoctrination into the pros, but he'd prefer to think of it as the proper way to begin a new era for the 49ers. Rookies Parks and Mira could very well be the keys to that new era: Mira with his rocketing passes, unquestioned leadership ability; Parks with his sure hands, great speed.

At the moment, these are still ominous times for San Francisco. Last season the 49ers won only two games (fewest ever) and lost 12 (most ever). It was the first time they had finished last. It was the first time they had scored fewer than 200 points (198) and never had they given up so many (391). The club was sadly lacking in solid performers as it was. And then injury piled upon injury. Four proven regulars and two promising rookies missed all or a large portion of the season.

The report from team physician Lloyd Milburn was encouraging early this year and most of those on last year's disabled list are expected to be in uniform at training camp. The 49ers are especially anxious about offensive halfback Billy Kilmer, an important man in the rebuilding process. Kilmer was fine as a sophomore in 1961, rushing for a 5.14 average. In December of that year he suffered a severe leg fracture and stayed out all of last season.

If Kilmer is unable to go fulltime, Don Lisbon will continue as the top running back, a position he held last year as a rookie. He rushed for 399 yards. Fullback J.D. Smith will be back for his ninth season. Smith is not a powerhouse-type runner but should be (and has been) more effective than he was in '63. Out the first two weeks of training camp, he never regained his top form, though he led the club in rushing yardage with 560.

At quarterback, veterans John Brodie and Lamar McHan are put in the position of knowing they'll be playing on borrowed time if Mira's development goes according to schedule. Brodie will be the No. 1 man at least at the start of the season—providing he can still throw after fracturing his arm in an auto accident and then refracturing it in the third game last season. Obtained from the Colts during the year, McHan threw for 1243 yards.

It's possible that by the end of this season 49er fans could be seeing an almost entire rookie passing attack—not only with Mira and Parks (who'll be used at flanker) but also with Vern Burke. Drafted as a fifth-round future in 1962, the Oregon State All-America holds NCAA records for most receptions (69) and total yards receiving (1007). He's 6-4½, 201 pounds and likely could move ahead of Clyde Connor and Dale Messer at split end. Parks may have a tougher time displacing Bernie Casey, the 49ers' leading '63 receiver with 47 receptions good for 762 yards and seven touchdowns. Monty Stickles and Gary Knafelc are the tight ends; their blocking, because of the rookie receivers, will be counted on.

The offensive line is led by aging but always reliable Bob St. Clair, now 33 and for 12 years a 49er tackle. At left tackle will be Len Rhode; John Thomas and Leon Donohue line up at guards and center is nine-year veteran Bruce Bosley.

The left side of the defensive line—normally the 49ers' tougher side—was weakened considerably in '63 when end Dan Colchico and tackle Charlie Krueger suffered knee injuries. Colchico played all year—with cartilage problems in both knees—and underwent a supposedly successful operation. Krueger missed more than half the season with the same kind of problem. If they're back in shape, they'll join right tackle Roland Lakes and right end Clark Miller. Dave Wilcox, 6-3, 230-pounder from Oregon and the 49ers' No. 3 draft choice, will play end or linebacker. Ed Pine, Mike Dowdle and Matt Hazeltine are regular linebackers.

The 49er pass defense was excruciatingly weak last season. An unsettled condition at safety didn't help. Seven-year veteran Jerry Mertens was out the entire year and replaced by less experienced Elbert Kimbrough. Christiansen hopes to stabilize the other (left) safety spot by permanently putting Jim Johnson there. Johnson, the brother of Olympic decathlon champion Rafer, had shifted between offense and defense the past three years.

At the halfback spots are Abe Woodson and Kermit Alexander, better known for their kick-returning abilities than their pass defending. But you can't have everything and this pair was the best in the NFL at streaking back up a broken field.

Tommy Davis does the kicking and punting. He's a better punter, having led the league in '62 and finishing fourth last season with a 45.4 average.

The 49ers need help—lots of it. The chances are the offense will get better before the defense will. But it's a start, at least.

NFL

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

SCHEDULE

SEPTEMBER 12 SATURDAY

St. Louis at Dallas

SEPTEMBER 13 SUNDAY

Baltimore at Minnesota
Chicago at Green Bay
Cleveland at Washington
Detroit at San Francisco
Los Angeles at Pittsburgh
New York at Philadelphia

SEPTEMBER 19 SATURDAY

Detroit at Los Angeles

SEPTEMBER 20 SUNDAY

Baltimore at Green Bay
Chicago at Minnesota
New York at Pittsburgh
St. Louis at Cleveland
San Francisco at Philadelphia
Washington at Dallas

SEPTEMBER 25 FRIDAY

Washington at New York

SEPTEMBER 27 SUNDAY

Chicago at Baltimore
Cleveland at Philadelphia
Dallas at Pittsburgh
Minnesota at Los Angeles
St. Louis at San Francisco

SEPTEMBER 28 MONDAY

Green Bay at Detroit

OCTOBER 4 SUNDAY

Chicago at San Francisco
Dallas at Cleveland
Los Angeles at Baltimore
Minnesota at Green Bay
New York at Detroit
Pittsburgh at Philadelphia
St. Louis at Washington

OCTOBER 10 SATURDAY

Pittsburgh at Cleveland

OCTOBER 11 SUNDAY

Detroit at Minnesota
Los Angeles at Chicago
New York at Dallas
Philadelphia at Washington
San Francisco vs. Green Bay
at Milwaukee

OCTOBER 12 MONDAY

Baltimore at St. Louis

OCTOBER 18 SUNDAY

Cleveland at Dallas
Detroit at Chicago
Green Bay at Baltimore
Philadelphia at New York
Pittsburgh at Minnesota
San Francisco at Los Angeles
Washington at St. Louis

OCTOBER 25 SUNDAY

Baltimore at Detroit
Chicago at Washington
Dallas at St. Louis
Los Angeles vs. Green Bay at Milwaukee
Minnesota at San Francisco
New York at Cleveland
Philadelphia at Pittsburgh

NOVEMBER 1 SUNDAY

Cleveland at Pittsburgh
Dallas at Chicago
Green Bay at Minnesota
Los Angeles at Detroit
St. Louis at New York
San Francisco at Baltimore
Washington at Philadelphia

NOVEMBER 8 SUNDAY

Baltimore at Chicago
Dallas at New York
Detroit at Green Bay
Philadelphia at Los Angeles
Pittsburgh at St. Louis
San Francisco at Minnesota
Washington at Cleveland

NOVEMBER 15 SUNDAY

Chicago at Los Angeles
Detroit at Cleveland
Green Bay at San Francisco
Minnesota at Baltimore
New York at St. Louis
Philadelphia at Dallas
Washington at Pittsburgh

NOVEMBER 22 SUNDAY

Baltimore at Los Angeles
Cleveland vs. Green Bay at Milwaukee
Dallas at Washington
Minnesota at Detroit
Pittsburgh at New York
St. Louis at Philadelphia
San Francisco at Chicago

NOVEMBER 26 THURSDAY (Thanksgiving)

Chicago at Detroit

NOVEMBER 29 SUNDAY

Baltimore at San Francisco
Green Bay at Dallas
Los Angeles at Minnesota
New York at Washington
Philadelphia at Cleveland
St. Louis at Pittsburgh

DECEMBER 5 SATURDAY

Green Bay at Chicago

DECEMBER 6 SUNDAY

Cleveland at St. Louis
Dallas at Philadelphia
Detroit at Baltimore
Los Angeles at San Francisco
Minnesota at New York
Pittsburgh at Washington

DECEMBER 12 SATURDAY

Cleveland at New York

DECEMBER 13 SUNDAY

Green Bay at Los Angeles
Minnesota at Chicago
Philadelphia at St. Louis
Pittsburgh at Dallas
San Francisco at Detroit
Washington at Baltimore

DECEMBER 27 SUNDAY

World Championship Game in Home City
of Eastern Conference Champion.



THE STARS IN ACTION

*Pro football is a frenzy of
men in furious motion. The photos
here clearly depict
the drama of the game*

A breakaway runner, such
as Tim Brown (above) can
provide the fans with an
exciting, appealing show.

PLEASE TURN PAGE



Vernon J. Biever



The challenge of pass defender against pass receiver highlights a pro football game. Above, it is Paul Flatley of the Vikings catching a pass against Green Bay's Herb Adderley. Another of pro football's challenges is man against a mass of men, fullback Jim Taylor, left, crashing into a crush of '63 college All-Stars.

Pro football's acrobatics are products of the fury of the game. A ball-carrier goes into the line, finds his route littered with blockers and tacklers and hurdles the obstacles as Paul Lowe of the Chargers is doing, at right. A flankerback goes deep for a forward pass, feints free of the man defending against him and catches the ball. Then, as the ball is tucked underneath his arm, the defender strikes. The tackle is hard and the flankerback, Washington's Bobby Mitchell, below, flies in the air.





A special sort of violence is inbred in the sport. The spectacle of football calls for body contact on each of the plays. The contact's effects linger long after the plays, draining the energies of the players, sending them to the sidelines for breaths of oxygen or gargles of water, such as Ernie Stautner is taking, right. The classic violence comes as the power man of the offense, the fullback, plunges into the line and is pitted in a personal struggle with the opposition. Sometimes the fullback wins, sometimes, as is happening to Steeler John Henry Johnson, left, the fullback loses. The rush of the line, two ends pincering in on a quarterback, is an appealing part of the game, too. Two of the best of the defensive ends are Doug Atkins and Ed O'Bradovich of the Chicago Bears. Doug, No. 81, and Ed, No. 87, are blasting in on Giant quarterback Glynn Griffing, below. The result is the clash of 700 or so pounds.





Perhaps no moment is as important as the moment in which a ball-carrier sees a spot of open running room. It is then that he must make his move in the direction of the goal line. "Run to daylight," coach Vince Lombardi tells his Packer players and the men, such as Tom Moore, left, listen. The job of middle linebackers, such as Joe Schmidt of the Lions, No. 56 above, is to stop the runners before they reach that daylight.



Injuries are part of the game, too. A team is not sad when it knocks, literally knocks, a star out of action. Such was the case in the 1963 National Football League title game in Chicago when Larry Morris, No. 33 above, whipped Y.A. Tittle, No. 14, to the ground, ruining him for the afternoon. No man runs a greater risk of injury than a quarterback, but tough half-backs, like Clem Daniels of Oakland, right, run risks, too.



THE 1964 ALL-PRO TEAM

OFFENSE

POSITION

PLAYER

TEAM

Quarterback

John Unitas

Baltimore Colts

Halfback

Tim Brown

Philadelphia Eagles

Fullback

Jimmy Brown

Cleveland Browns

Flanker

Lance Alworth

San Diego Chargers

Split End

Gail Cogdill

Detroit Lions

Tight End

Mike Ditka

Chicago Bears

Tackle

Forrest Gregg

Green Bay Packers

Tackle

Ron Mix

San Diego Chargers

Guard

Jim Parker

Baltimore Colts

Guard

Jerry Kramer

Green Bay Packers

Center

Bob DeMarco

St. Louis Cardinals



Lance Alworth, only 23, is a speedy and gifted pass receiver. In '63, playing for the San Diego Chargers, he caught 61 passes for 1206 yards and 11 touchdowns.



Gail Cogdill edges the Giants' Del Shofner at split end. Two years younger than Shofner, the speedy, elusive Cogdill has fine hands, is coming to his peak with the Lions.



Mike Ditka, the Chicago Bears' most valuable player, does it all at tight end. He's a superb blocker, excellent receiver and a 230-pound bull when running with the ball.



Forrest Gregg threatened to retire in '64, but was talked out of it by his Green Bay coach Vince Lombardi. Why not? He's only 30 and a bold, rugged 255-pound blocker.

Can the AFL players match up with NFL players? In our preview All-Pro team, we find at least three who can. The rest of the squad is a mixture of tough veterans, exciting comers

OFFENSE



John Unitas led the Baltimore Colts to NFL championships in '58 and '59, since then has grown in stature. Many football experts consider him at his very peak now.



Tim Brown edges Keith Lincoln at one running back spot. In '63 he had 1328 yards in rushing and pass receiving for the Eagles. Only 27, he is just hitting his full stride.



Jimmy Brown is the best—period. He ran for a record 1863 yards last year. In one game alone he blazed to 232 yards in 20 carries. He seems as indestructible as ever.



Ron Mix, second AFLer on our All-Pro team, is far and away the best AFL offensive lineman. Only 25, he is a fierce blocker and is a 248-pounder with deep desire.



Jim Parker in recent years has shifted between guard and tackle. A guard again this season for the Colts, the 275-pound Parker is called the league's top pass protector.



Jerry Kramer, 28, is most noted for the thunderous blocks he throws for runners like Jim Taylor, Tom Moore and Paul Hornung. But he's also a fine pass blocker.



Bob DeMarco, a fine young center, sparks the Cardinals' offensive line. A fourth-year pro, the 6-3, 240-pound DeMarco blocks fiercely, helps stabilize a standout unit.

The defensive team is mostly young, versatile and rugged. Three Packers, two

DEFENSE



Willie Davis finally displaces such old-guarders as Gino Marchetti and Doug Atkins at defensive end. The 240-pound Packer earns it for the brutal rush he puts on the passer.



Jim Katcavage goes about his business with a minimum amount of fuss, but now he's the ace of the Giants' defensive line. They don't turn the corner on Kat very easily.



Henry Jordan is generally considered the best defensive lineman in the game. The 29-year-old, 250-pounder helps make coach Vince Lombardi's job a bit more relaxing.



Tom Sestak, 27 years old and a 267-pounder, is Jordan's counterpart in the AFL. He has great speed for a big man and is especially adept in leading the Bills' charge.



Myron Pottios, only 24, symbolizes new over old among linebackers, pushing ahead of such proven old pros as Joe Schmidt, Bill George, Sam Huff and Ray Nitschke.



Larry Morris came into his own in the NFL title game with outstanding play. An underrated performer, the 30-year-old Morris has keen ability to smell out the offense's moves.



Jack Pardee, a 6-2, 225-pounder, plays with a loser but is an exceptional man in Rams' defense and, at age 28, still has not reached his full potential.

He excelled in
all sports, but he was
something special in football

THORPE WAS THE GREATEST EVER

By **ARTHUR DALEY**

From Pro Football's Hall of Fame by Arthur Daley
© 1963 by Quadrangle Books, Inc.

KING GUSTAF c
aglow with admi
placed the laurel wre
of Jim Thorpe, the
dian from Oklahom
Olympic Games at S
"You, sir," said I
the greatest athlete
"Thanks, King,"
redman.

If the acknowle
have the flowery gr
court protocol requir
not. The essential fa
putable. Jim Thorpe
est athlete in the world, and it did
not take a regal pronouncement to
make it official.

The supreme test in any Olympics
is the decathlon championship com-
petition. Track and field can offer
no more formidable challenge than
this searing search of man's speed,
strength, skill and stamina over a
ten-event program. Only supermen
of astounding versatility can become
proficient in it. Thorpe won the
Olympic decathlon championship
with ridiculous ease and set a world
record.

The Olympics in Stockholm also
had a pentathlon championship, a
lesser five-event competition. The big
Indian also won that and set a world
record. No one even pressed him.

More than half a century has
passed since the King of Sweden
acclaimed Thorpe the world's great-
est athlete. The designation still is
valid. No one even can prove it, of
course, but the evidence is over-
whelming that Jim Thorpe was the
finest natural athlete that America
has ever produced.

... two Bears, two Steelers, one Ram make it—plus one AFL standout

DEFENSE

POSITION	PLAYER	TEAM
End	Willie Davis	Green Bay Packers
End	Jim Katcavage	New York Giants
Tackle	Henry Jordan	Green Bay Packers
Tackle	Tom Sestak	Buffalo Bills
Linebacker	Myron Pottios	Pittsburgh Steelers
Quarterback	Larry Morris	Chicago Bears
Quarterback	Jack Pardee	Los Angeles Rams
Quarterback	Dick Lynch	New York Giants
Quarterback	Herb Adderley	Green Bay Packers
Safety	Clendon Thomas	Pittsburgh Steelers
Safety	Roosevelt Taylor	Chicago Bears



Dick Lynch is a quick, flashy corner back. In '63 he tied for the lead in interceptions, nine, and returned three of them for touchdowns. He is 28, and a seven-year pro.



Herb Adderley, a ramblin', gamblin' man in the Packers' defensive backfield, has great speed and is a fierce tackler. Only 25, he's going to get better and better.



Clendon Thomas edges out Yale Lary for one safety spot. A fast, agile 195-pounder, he intercepted eight passes in '63, gives the Steelers a feeling of security on pass defense.



Roosevelt Taylor is the best safety in pro football today, and he's only 27. He sticks very closely to pass receivers and last year he helped himself to nine interceptions.

was the star of the most colorful track team in the land, the Carlisle Indians.

Thorpe attracted the eye of Walter Camp in the 1908 football season when he was named to the All-America third team, a big honor for so little a school. Carlisle was good but not great that season, and its top achievement was holding unbeaten Penn to a 6-6 tie. The tying touchdown, naturally enough, was scored by Thorpe.

The Carlisle system of education did not follow strict academic lines. Most of the pupils worked on farms in the summer vacation period, and it was the summer of 1909 which was to affect profoundly Thorpe's future. It was to cost him his Olympic medals, innocent though he was of any real guilt.

Jim awaited assignment with a singular lack of enthusiasm that summer. Two teammates on the Carlisle baseball team, Jesse Young Deer and Joe Libby, gave him the idea.

"Jim," they said, "we're going to North Carolina to play baseball this summer. Why don't you come with us?"

"Sure," said Jim, "it will be a lot more fun than working on a farm."

They hooked up with the Rocky Mount team, Thorpe as a third-baseman. He was offered \$15 a week. Since he had to eat, he took it, never dreaming that he therefore was professionalizing himself. In his unworldly Indian mind a professional was someone who played for John McGraw on the New York Giants. He regarded himself in his heart as an amateur who happened to be lucky enough to get a little eating money. And he never gave it a thought.

It was life without strain. Thorpe stayed out of school both the 1909 and 1910 football seasons, playing ball in the Carolinas and finally in Arkansas. When the league collapsed, he went back home to Oklahoma and found an eager letter awaiting him from Warner.

"If you come back to Carlisle and start training," wrote Pop, "I think you can make the Olympic team that is going to Stockholm."

Jim returned. He left as a boy but he came back as a man—barrel chest, thick neck and oaken legs. He had grown to 6 feet 1½ inches and filled out to almost 190 pounds. He was bigger, stronger, faster.

He had not touched a football in two years but he was greater than ever. The epic performance of Thorpe against Harvard was the climax of the 1911 season. This was the one in which Thorpe kicked four field goals and scored a touchdown to tally all the Indian points in an 18-15 upset of titanic proportions. Incidentally, Thorpe gained 173 yards that afternoon.

Between those two high spots was another peak. It was the double victory of the big Indian in both the decathlon and pentathlon at the Stockholm Olympics in 1912.

Such was his fame that when the 1912 football season arrived he was a marked man. Every team massed defenses against him. At all cost Thorpe had to be stopped. No team could. He slashed his way to 25 touchdowns and rolled up 198 points. This, mind you, was against the best opposition in the land.

A highlight among highlights was the Army game. Army was loaded. It had such All-America candidates as Pritchard, Merrilat, Weyand and Devore, the captain of the team. Devore was a tackle and, in fact, an outstanding one.

It seemed, however, that every time he reached for a ballcarrier he was cut in half by that matchless blocker, Jim Thorpe. The West Point captain finally became so blind with rage at such repeated frustration that he was put out of the game for fighting.

Thorpe went through the cadet line as though it were an open door. Once three West Pointers hit him simul-

taneously. He gave them a free ride over the goal line. He threw six straight passes to Arcasa for another score. Army was routed, 27-6.

By the time of the finale with Brown, skeletons of Thorpe's venture into professional baseball as a summer lark were being rattled in the closet by investigators from the Amateur Athletic Union. If Jim was troubled, he didn't show it against the Bruins.

He ripped off three touchdown runs from beyond midfield. He was the magnificent all-round football player again with his blocking, tackling, kicking, running and passing. Near the end he threw a 25-yard forward to Wheelock and then bulled over for the tally from point-blank range during a 32-0 rout.

This finished Thorpe's collegiate career. It had paradoxical overtones because those last two super-sensational seasons were achieved while he was technically a professional. Thorpe, of course, was unaware of it. In his childish innocence the Indian never dreamed that he had violated the amateur code by accepting token amounts of money for the fun of playing summer baseball.

The AAU formally—withal reluctantly—declared him a professional. The International Olympic Committee demanded the return of his Olympic trophies. Jim's name was expunged from the lists as Olympic champion, and the second-place winners replaced him on the rolls. He was stripped of all the records he held.

Jim went on to sign a baseball contract with the New York Giants. Eventually he was farmed out to the minors, loaned to the Cincinnati Reds, brought back to the Giants and finally traded to the Boston Braves.

Restlessness grew within Thorpe during his early years as a major-league baseball player. It was not a sufficient outlet for the animal spirits that bubbled within him. In 1915 his frustrations came to an end.

After a ten-year lapse, professional football was about to be revived in Canton, Ohio. There was only one way to insure its success. The Canton Bulldogs could achieve it instantly by enlisting the services of the greatest performer the sport had yet produced, the fabulous Jim Thorpe.

He was offered \$500 a game. If that seems trifling by modern standards, it was not in that era. It was five to ten times as much as any other player was getting. It was Thorpe who drew the crowds. It was he who touched the fuse to a pro football rocket that sputtered for a long while but eventually went zooming.

Thorpe was as deceptive in pro ball as he was in college. But he was nowhere near as consistent. No longer did he have a Pop Warner to drive him to greatness. He had only himself and he was no stern taskmaster. When he didn't feel like playing all out, his team lost. When pride or some inner urge to win fired him up, his team won.

And after that it was youth departed and the downhill slide. After awhile he had only his name to sell. He sold it to Cleveland, the Oorang Indians, Rock Island, Portsmouth, Hammond and the New York Giants, then just born.

He became the first president—his fame got him the job—of the American Professional Football Association, the forerunner of the National Football League. But he had no executive talent. By that time he couldn't even handle himself.

The man who could make those long, stabbing runs of unparalleled brilliance in the game of football could not even get away from the shadow of his own goal posts in the game of life. It was an unhappy, difficult life that ended at the age of 65.

To recount details would mar the picture. It is better to remember him as the electrifying figure who lit up the sports world with a brightness it never knew before or has known since.

STARS

FROM THE PAST



SLINGIN' SAM

Many of his records
still stand today. He
was one of the best
passers in the history of
professional football

By ROGER TREAT

SAMMY BAUGH played football for 30 years, 16 of them in the fierce competition of the National Football League. The quality of his performance seldom varied; it was always good, sometimes incredible. In his worst games, with all the breaks going against him, he was as good as most quarterbacks are on their best days.

In the 1947 season, for example, playing for the Washington Redskins, he established three league records that lasted for years: 354 passing attempts, 210 completions (a .593 average), 2938 yards gained. He also threw 25 touchdown passes.

Had Slingin' Sam retired after the 1948 season, as he had said he would do, his lifetime record would have been secure. He would have remained the model for future passers. But his career was only two-thirds over.

Before it was all over, he had thrown 3016 passes in the NFL and completed 1709 of them for 22,085 yards—more than 12½ miles. And 187 of them were for touchdowns. He had worn out more than 60 pairs of shoes, 30 pairs of pants, 100 jerseys, seven helmets, two sets of thigh pads—and a single set of shoulder pads. Sam always insisted on patching and repatching the thin, light pads he had purchased for teammate Erny Pinckert in his rookie year. The shoulder pads even had a nickname. They were "Blue Jays," an affectionate comparison to the tiny corn protectors of the same name.

Samuel Adrian Baugh was born in Temple, Texas, on March 17, 1914. His parents were town folks and his father worked for the railroad. As a youngster Sam found throwing and catching balls almost as easy as walking. He was good at basketball, better at football, best at baseball. He was the top athlete on all three school teams.

He started his football career as an end, and it wasn't until a shrewd high-school coach watched him rifle back the football a few times, after the regular passer had thrown it wild, that Baugh was moved to tailback in the single- and doublewing formations that were the vogue at the time.

He began his high-school career at Sweetwater, Texas, where his family had moved when he was 16. And it was there that he developed a curious hobby. He hung an old automobile tire from a tree and spent hour after hour, day after day, throwing a football at the tire. When he was able to throw the ball consistently through the hole with the tire hanging still, he began swinging the tire before he threw. When bull's-eyes also

STARS

FROM THE PAST
CONTINUED



became fairly routine, he mixed in running—first to his left, then to the right or straight back, jumping, dodging imaginary tacklers, throwing on the run, sometimes lofting the ball high and long, other times firing it on a straight line.

When he was 18, Sam played summer baseball with a sandlot team in Abilene, and looked good at third base. The same wrist-snap throwing motion that later would make him famous got a baseball away fast on the long heave to first, and he pounded the ball at bat. He was having trouble deciding between a college education and a career in professional baseball. This was 1933, money was scarce, and Sam couldn't afford college without a scholarship.

He finally accepted a baseball scholarship to Texas Christian University in Fort Worth, and ended up not only as a baseball star but also as an All-America football player. His passing and punting skills were phenomenal. He became a national football celebrity.

In the NFL player draft, just established the year before, the Boston Redskins, who had lost to Green Bay in the championship game, would have the next-to-last pick. George Marshall, the Redskin owner, held his breath as the other teams selected. He was sure someone would grab the hot passer, but no one did, and when, finally, it was his turn, he shouted Baugh's name.

Marshall, always unorthodox, had shocked the football world the previous fall by insisting that the championship game between his Boston Redskins and Green Bay be played in New York's Polo Grounds. He had fielded his team in Boston for five years without success. They had been good teams, always in contention, but Boston fans preferred the Harvard brand of football. When Marshall played the title game in New York, he was burning his bridges behind him. He made a deal with Clark Griffith, owner of the Washington baseball team, to rent Griffith Stadium.

Would Washington fans go for pro football? Marshall thought they would, especially if he could offer them the hottest football player in the country—Sammy Baugh.

Ray Flaherty, coach of the Redskins, hardly dared hope that Baugh could pass the way his screaming admirers in Texas said he could, but it took only one short workout to convince Flaherty. "You did it, Chief," he told Marshall. "You got him. That's the greatest passer the world has ever seen. We'll take the big one this year."

Washington raced to the title in 1937, just as coach Flaherty had said they would. It was Baugh, passing to Wayne Millner and Charlie Malone on the ends, to Cliff Battles and Riley Smith in his backfield. The Redskins won eight of their 11 games and beat the Chicago Bears on ice-covered Wrigley Field in Chicago for the title.

Immediately after the championship game, Sam hurried back to Texas to get married and start his baseball career. The football experience had been wonderful but he was still convinced that baseball would keep the money coming in longer. He played briefly in the St. Louis Cardinal chain, then gave up baseball.

Washington finished second in the Eastern Division in 1938, and again the next season. But in 1940, nothing could stop it. By then, Sam was a matured and polished pro. He had learned the tricks of pro ball; he knew his teammates and their habits; he was able to anticipate the patterns of the defense. He completed 111 of 177 passes that year for a remarkable .627 percentage. He set records for most attempts, most completions, most touchdowns (12) and longest gain for a touchdown (81 yards). He got off a punt against Philadelphia that went 85 yards.

In November, the Redskins played the Bears in Chicago and Baugh's 15-yard touchdown pass to Dick Todd

Poor blocking meant that Baugh took many grueling beatings.

was enough to win the game, 7-3. But in the championship game the Bears destroyed the Redskins, 73-0, the biggest margin of victory in National Football League history.

The Redskins had a poor year in 1941, but Baugh kept on pitching. He completed 106 for a .549 average. The Redskins really rolled in 1942. Their running game was effective and Sam threw the ball for 225 completions, 1953 yards and 16 touchdowns, all records, and the Redskins won ten out of 11 games. They beat the Bears in the title game.

The demands of war were chewing up the National Football League in those years; 638 players joined the service, and 22 lost their lives. Baugh, a full-fledged cattle farmer now, was deferred because he was in a vital occupation. Flying in from his ranch for each game, he passed the team to seven wins and a tie in 11 games in 1943, good enough to win the division title again, after a playoff with the Giants. Baugh was the league's best passer. He was, also, the league's best defender against passers.

The Bears won the title game, 41-21, and before the next season George Marshall finally decided to make the difficult but inevitable switch to the T-formation. Switching from tailback in the singlewing to quarterback in the T is a change few players have managed successfully. And Baugh faced the added hurdle of erasing the automatic moves ingrained by about 20 seasons of play.

The Redskins dropped off to third in 1944, the first year of the switch, but by 1945 Sam was playing the T as if he had never done anything else, and the Redskins galloped to another Eastern Division championship.

The Cleveland Rams, led by rookie quarterback Bob Waterfield, were the Redskins' opponent in the championship playoff. Though the sun was shining in Cleveland the day of the game, the temperature was five degrees below zero and a strong wind made passing a tricky thing.

In the first period Baugh tried to pass from behind his own goal. A gust of wind blew the ball against the goal post for an automatic safety and two points for the Rams. That was to be the difference. Sam passed for one Redskin touchdown, Frank Filchock threw for another and Waterfield scored with two passes for Cleveland. The Rams won, 15-14.

After 1945, the Redskins simply fell out from under Baugh. Nine seasons had gone by and five times he had led them to Eastern Division titles, twice to the league championship. He could have retired to his cattle ranch and the football world would have considered it a career well done. But Sam still had a long way to go.

In 1946 Baugh had a good year. In 1947 he was being mauled worse than ever now. The Redskin blocking was almost a joke. Few fans expected Baugh to finish the season outside a hospital. But he threw 354 and completed 210 for 2938 yards and 25 touchdowns.

In 1948 he cut loose against the Boston Yanks with 24 completions for 446 yards. Two weeks later he threw four touchdown passes against the Detroit Lions. Somehow he dragged Washington into second place behind the Philadelphia Eagles. It was more of the same in 1949, his 13th year when he won the passing championship for the sixth time.

In 1950, the Redskins won three games, all on Baugh's arm.

A little more grimly, Sam Baugh dragged his weary body into his 15th season in the NFL, 1951. Baugh drove the 'Skins to third place. But it was getting tougher, a lot tougher. In the old days, he would be spry again by the Tuesday after a game; now the body got over the pounding of one game barely in time to trot out and take another clubbing the following Sunday. It was undoubtedly Sam's worst season, the only poor one he had.

In 1952 he completed 11 straight passes in one game for his grand finale. Then he retired.

He left behind a helmetful of records, some of which still stand:

Most Seasons: 16

Most Times Led League Passing: 6

Most Passes Completed: 1709

Most Passes Thrown: 3016

Most Yards Gained: 22,085

Most Touchdown Passes: 187

Highest Percentage: 56.6

Highest Average Gain: 12.5 yards

Perhaps his most prized compliment came from Sid Luckman, whose 12-year career paralleled Baugh's. Luckman once said, "I like to just sit and watch him. Every time he throws, I learn something. But nobody is ever going to equal him. Not anybody."

Baugh, in sweatsuit, played in the Washington backfield with many excellent players. Two of them were Charley Justice, in center, and Bill Dudley, right. But no matter whom he competed with or against, inevitably Sam would be the best on the field.



Skeptics said his college heroics were purely the result of weak opposition. He proved how wrong they were when he joined the pros

AS THE CLOCK in the marble-columned courtroom registers noon, the justices enter from behind the red velour drapes. Clerks in frock coats make their ceremonial bows and the silence in the vast chamber is broken by the Crier's announcement: "The Honorable, the Chief Justice and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States." The audience remains standing while the justices walk to their leather chairs behind the great mahogany bench. The Crier calls again: "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! All persons having business before the Honorable, the Supreme Court of the United States, are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the Court is now sitting. God save the United States and this Honorable Court."

In their black robes the nine members of the Court share a solemn, omniscient look. Everything about their appearance and that of the hall they sit in, a magnificent composition of marble and mahogany, expresses the wisdom and authority of this most dignified branch of U.S. government. Now in life-long terms of office at the very pinnacle of the American judiciary system, the members had distinguished themselves as governors, senators, attorney generals, professors of law and authors before their presidential appointments. One of them, however, is best known for his achievement in a non-intellectual, non-political line: he was a helluva football player.

He is Associate Justice Byron R. White, appointed to the bench by the late President Kennedy and the second youngest ever to serve on the Court. Like his associates, White has had an impressive career in law and, briefly, in politics. His first job out of Yale Law School was clerk to Supreme Court Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson. For 14 years he was a partner in one of Denver's leading law firms. In his first fling at national politics he persuasively rounded up delegates for his old friend, Jack Kennedy, at the 1960 Democratic convention. Appointed Deputy Attorney General by the new Administration, he was Bobby Kennedy's field commander when 600 U.S. marshals were rushed to Alabama to handle the 1961 Freedom Rider crisis. White came to the Supreme Court with a list of academic honors rare even for that rarified environment: Phi Beta Kappa, a Rhodes scholarship, a law degree *magna cum laude*.

But despite his professional and intellectual achievements, White is haunted by the ghost of his athletic past and with it a nickname that would make a high-school halfback blush—Whizzer. The nickname, which he wishes had been left buried in the yellowing sports pages of 25 years ago, has followed him all the way to the Supreme Court bench. As far as the general public is concerned he remains Whizzer White—or, more formally, the Honorable Whizzer White. Attached today to the

The Early Glory Of



By Jack Newcombe

In the Supreme Court today Byron White, right, is a man of dignity and importance. He was an important man many years ago, too, but his importance came on the football field, when he ran with the ball, left, kicked or threw it.

A black and white portrait of a middle-aged man with glasses, wearing a dark judicial robe over a white shirt and dark tie. He is seated, with his hands clasped in front of him. The background is slightly out of focus, showing what appears to be a courtroom setting with wood paneling and a clock on the wall to the right.

Mr. Justice White

STARS

FROM THE PAST
CONTINUED



Byron hurdled the line, at left, during practice, but in games he mostly ran around the line. When trapped he used a stiff-arm well or, if the challenge was a man to man, he'd bang right through his opponent. He was a strong fellow who loved the body contact of his sport. He was able to withstand very tough punishment in the pros.

dignified, square-set justice in the robe of office the name still conjures up the exciting, twisting patterns of his touchdown runs, his booming punts, his saving tackles. With the name goes this football record, as remarkable in its quick attainments as any in the game:

- Unanimous All-America halfback selection, 1937
- National major-college scoring champion, 1937
- Leading ground-gainer in the National Football League, 1938 and 1940
- All-Pro halfback, 1940.

Academically, in four undergraduate years at the University of Colorado, he had only four hours of sub-A credits. (He received a B in Sociology, a B in public speaking.) He was the antithesis of the burly, monosyllabic mercenaries commonly identified with college football in the 1930s; in the National Football League he gave class to the professional game which then lacked much of the public respect it has today. Football—that collective body of boosters, coaches, ex-players, athletic directors, equipment salesmen—was grateful for Whizzer White. His was a name to shout above the clamor of the detractors—“What about Whizzer White!” Twenty-odd years later football is still boasting about Whizzer White.

Byron White grew up in Wellington, Colorado. He was born in nearby Fort Collins, June 8, 1917, the second son of Albert and Maude White. Byron and his brother Sam, four years older, worked shoulder to shoulder in the beet fields, the major economy around Wellington. Byron

also worked summers as a section hand on the Colorado & Southern Railroad and at his father's lumber yard and farm equipment firm.

Byron's boyhood was typical middle-middle class America in the 1920s: he worked hard and played rugged outdoor games. He and his friends raced and jumped through the lumber yards; he swam in the irrigation ditches in the summer (and caught typhoid fever); he shot baskets on outdoor snow-covered basketball “courts.” When football was introduced at Wellington High School Byron, then a 110-pound ninth-grader, went out for the team. But beyond the customary boys' games—and the part-time jobs to earn needed money—Byron was also occupied by an interest in learning. He was exposed to a serious academic atmosphere in the family's one-story bungalow home. Byron's parents continually stressed the importance of achievement in the classroom. His father once told him: “I would rather see you win one medal for scholarship than 40 ballgames.” Byron's marks varied only from the A-plus he got in Latin I to a plain A in English IV.

Today a high-school student of White's all-around abilities and interests—he even found time to play in the school band—would be rushed by all the big universities from the Big Ten to the Ivy League who pride themselves in enlisting the versatile student with top grades and, coincidentally, strong athletic potential. Byron's college choice was an easy one. He was offered the academic

scholarship that Colorado University gives to an outstanding student in each town in the state.

Because of some amateurish football coaching at Wellington, Byron had a limited background in the sport when he joined the large freshman squad at Boulder. He felt a stab of doubt when one of the varsity coaches yelled, "All right, let's have some more fresh meat for the varsity." Byron said, "I conquered that fear by reminding myself that other players had taken it—and I could, too." A teammate of White's remembers him in freshman practice during that fall of 1934: "There were a lot of all-state players with bigger clippings than he had. But you could tell White was a football player. They had us running Utah formations against the varsity one week—Utah was the big regional power then—and White looked real good against the big boys. The word got around."

As a sophomore White was a third-string tailback. As a senior, in 1937, he was a tailback with All-America skills. He was a shifty and strong runner, too strong for most defensive halfbacks to take on man-for-man. He was an excellent punter. He was a devastating blocker. He had a wicked stiffarm. He led Colorado to victory after victory in the Rocky Mountain area.

Back East, where All-America football players were discovered and made, the attitude toward the phenomenal Byron R. White was summed up in these lines by Grantland Rice:

*How good is Colorado, pal?—We hear the echoes call,
How good is Byron Whizzer White—when Whizzer
takes the ball?*

Skeptics in the East were not totally convinced of White's ability until he turned professional, but in the fall of 1937 he supplied enough evidence to convince most everyone else in the country. He scored 16 touchdowns, kicked 23 extra points and one field goal—a conference record and the highest total in the country.

To teammate Gene Moore, playing—and blocking—for White in his All-America year was a pleasure and an inspiration. "He was not a holler guy," Moore said. "He never had much to say in the huddle. But when he told you he was going to be some place or do something—he was there and he did it. If he had a fault as a leader it was that he didn't lead enough. He did his job and he expected you to do yours."

"He never got rattled or choked up. That's where his great integrity comes in. Some guys—most of us—have a human instinct for taking that little edge if we can. White was always scrupulously honest. He played by the book and he never took the edge. I remember a game against Colorado College when he slipped on an end run and his hand touched the ground for a split-second. The referee blew the whistle and grounded the ball, nullifying a good gain. He claimed White's knee touched the ground. Well, we all knew it hadn't. It was one of those rare times that White spoke up to an official:

"That was a quick whistle, ref," he said.

"It cost us 15 yards. When we got back to the huddle I said, 'Look, let's have no more of that. If we've got to play against 12 men, we'll do it.' Well, the official had his head in the huddle. He penalized us 15 more yards. We were back on our own three-yard line, first and 40, and laughing so hard we could hardly huddle. I asked White: 'Do you think you can run it out?' On the next play he called his own signal and ran around end to the ten. Then we got rolling. In the following three minutes White scored three touchdowns."

Like all great athletes White had a way of responding to the proper challenge in the appropriate setting. On Thanksgiving Day, November 25, 1937, White played his last regular-season college game before a hero-worshipping mountain crowd—28,157 in Denver University Stadium. White did not keep them waiting very long. The third time he handled the ball against Denver he sliced through tackle and ran 51 yards for a touchdown. In the

second quarter he returned a kickoff 55 yards, then ran 9 yards to Colorado's second touchdown. A few minutes later he passed 27 yards for the third touchdown. In the third period, after gaining 46 yards off-tackle, he completed another touchdown pass, this one from the 14-yard line. For the first time all day he missed an extra point. But he tried to compensate by racing 46 yards untouched to Colorado's—and his—final touchdown. When coach Bunny Oakes took him out of the game with two and a half minutes left there was hardly a silent hand in the stadium.

White turned down most of the All-America invitations after the season to stay in Colorado where he felt more comfortable and was better occupied. He cared little for the applause of the banquet halls. Colorado, unbeaten and seldom extended in its area, accepted an invitation to play in the second Cotton Bowl game at Dallas against Rice, the Southwest Conference champion. When Colorado went south to practice for the bowl game, Byron went to San Francisco to enter the regional competition for a Rhodes scholarship. A week later he joined the team, far happier that he had won a scholarship (two years at \$2000-a-year at Oxford) than with any of the football honors he had recently received.

The Cotton Bowl game proved (1) that Rice was too versatile and powerful for Colorado, (2) that White was, as always, the best man on the field. His running from short punt formation and his short passes gave Colorado a score within three minutes. Then he intercepted a pass and ran 50 yards to a score. But Rice, behind two sophomores who became famous Southwest heroes—Ernie Lain and Ollie Cordill—wore down Colorado and won, 20-14.

After the Cotton Bowl White had two choices: (1) he could play pro for the then staggering sum of \$15,000; (2) he would retreat to the quiet academic halls at Oxford. Byron had no intention of doing anything but the latter until the Pittsburgh Pirates kept thrusting the money at him and telling him to take it just for one season and then go to Oxford at mid-year.

White's decision to play pro—\$15,000 was an unheard of offering in the league—was a rewarding one all the way around. Easterners found out White was not a figment of the western imagination, like the Big Rock Candy Mountains. White enjoyed playing pro and made more money than most young college graduates dreamed of in those days.

Pro football in the 1930s was not the highly respected, highly patronized spectator sport it is today. It was a poor cousin to baseball—and even basketball. The pay scale was small, crowds were modest and the schedule was somewhat haphazard (White and the Pittsburgh Pirates played two games in three days on the Coast and ended their season in New Orleans)—but White thrived on the experience. "I found the difference between college and pro was not one of attitude or technique but just a lack of the frivolous in pro ball. They weren't looking down your throat all the time. If you liked to play football, then you like to play pro."

White passed a tough indoctrination course among the pros, who were determined to find out what he was made of. Once Tuffy Leemans belted him with a vicious tackle and said, "I always wondered what it felt like to get my hands on a \$15,000 football player." White showed them early he was a tough runner and tackler. In his first appearance in New York he gained 191 yards against the Giants. One fan was so overcome by the magnificence of White's performance he wrote a letter to the *New York Times*, apologizing for his doubts that Whizzer was every bit as good as his publicity in the wild west. On a weak team that won only two of 11 games, rookie White led the league in ground-gaining with 567 yards.

After the season of 1938, White eagerly left for England and a retreat with books behind the stone walls of Hertford College, Oxford. White's scholarship term at

STARS

FROM THE PAST

CONTINUED

Oxford was abbreviated one year by war in Europe. He returned to the U.S. and wrestled with a now familiar choice: pro football or school. He had been admitted to Yale Law School and he was getting financial propositions from Fred Mandel, owner of the Detroit Lions. The Lions had received negotiating rights to White from the impoverished Pittsburgh team. Mandel sold White on the idea of going to law school and playing football, too. Again (in 1940) he led the league in ground-gaining and was the best all-round back in pro football. His coach at Detroit, Earl (Potsy) Clark, said, "He is one of the few backs ever to play in this league who can circle the ends from a tailback or short punt formation. Although White's reticence and his study habits prevented him from taking part in extra-curricular fun and games on the Detroit club, he was held in great respect by teammates. Augie Lio, who played guard in front of White, said, "He called signals and I remember how amazed I was that a fellow playing with you could know so much about what everyone else did or didn't do on a play. He loved to play football. When I think of him now I also remember him on trips. The management kindly let us play cards—for 5¢ a point—but White didn't play. He would get out his glasses, pipe and a law book and go to work."

Alex Wojciechowicz, who snapped center when White was playing tailback for Detroit, says, "When I see Frank Gifford of the Giants play I think of White. They are a lot alike, both great all-around players. White gave a lot to football, in practice or a game. He was quiet and terribly dedicated. We respected him a lot."

White finally found the anonymity he craved as a Navy officer in World War II. His war record is somewhat obscured by his own disinclination to talk about it and the security that surrounded his work in Naval intelligence. But it is apparent the Navy had the foresight to make use of both his keen mind and his desire to stick his nose into the thick of the most aggressive situation. Security did not hide the high praise he got from Captain Arleigh (31-Knot) Burke who called White the best intelligence officer he ever had.

White got into the heavy naval action in the Pacific. He was on Admiral Mitscher's flagship, *Bunker Hill*, in Task Force 58, when it was hit twice in a Kamikaze attack that spread flame and destruction from well forward to the fantail. The suicidal assault left 396 dead and missing and 264 wounded. White received his second Bronze Star in this action. A few days later he was bombed off the carrier *Enterprise*. White had one significant personal encounter in the Solomons in 1944. He met Lt. Jack Kennedy, with whom he had struck up an acquaintance in England years before. White was one of the intelligence officers who interviewed Kennedy after *PT-109* was sunk. He later rode with Kennedy on some of his patrols.

After the war White managed to avoid the lure of the football field and went directly to his career in law. He obtained his degree at Yale, worked for Justice Vinson for two years and then settled down to a practice in Colorado. Except for an occasional game of toss-and-catch with football-minded friends on the New Frontier or with his ten-year-old son Charles, White has not gone back to the game he played so well. In 1947 he married the former Marion Stearns, daughter of Robert L. Stearns who was then president of the University of Colorado. They also have a seven-year-old daughter, Nancy.

Today, at 47, White occupies a position that would be an astonishing eminence for most men his age. But White has been so successful at passing his goals—and those that others have set before him—that his early arrival on the Supreme Court bench seems more natural than unusual. He brought with him the same special qualities that helped make him one of the great football players of all time. His Colorado teammate, Gene Moore, remembers how prominent they were, even 26 years ago. "White had a phenomenal concentration and an absolute integrity," Moore said. "If he believed he was right you couldn't move him. And with his power of concentration he could do anything he set out to do. I've known men who I thought had as much natural ability. But none had his concentration. He didn't practice or study more than anyone else. But he was always ahead."

Whizzer, with the ball below, was the National Football League's leading ground gainer for two seasons.



AFL

1964

PREVIEW

By Dick Kaplan

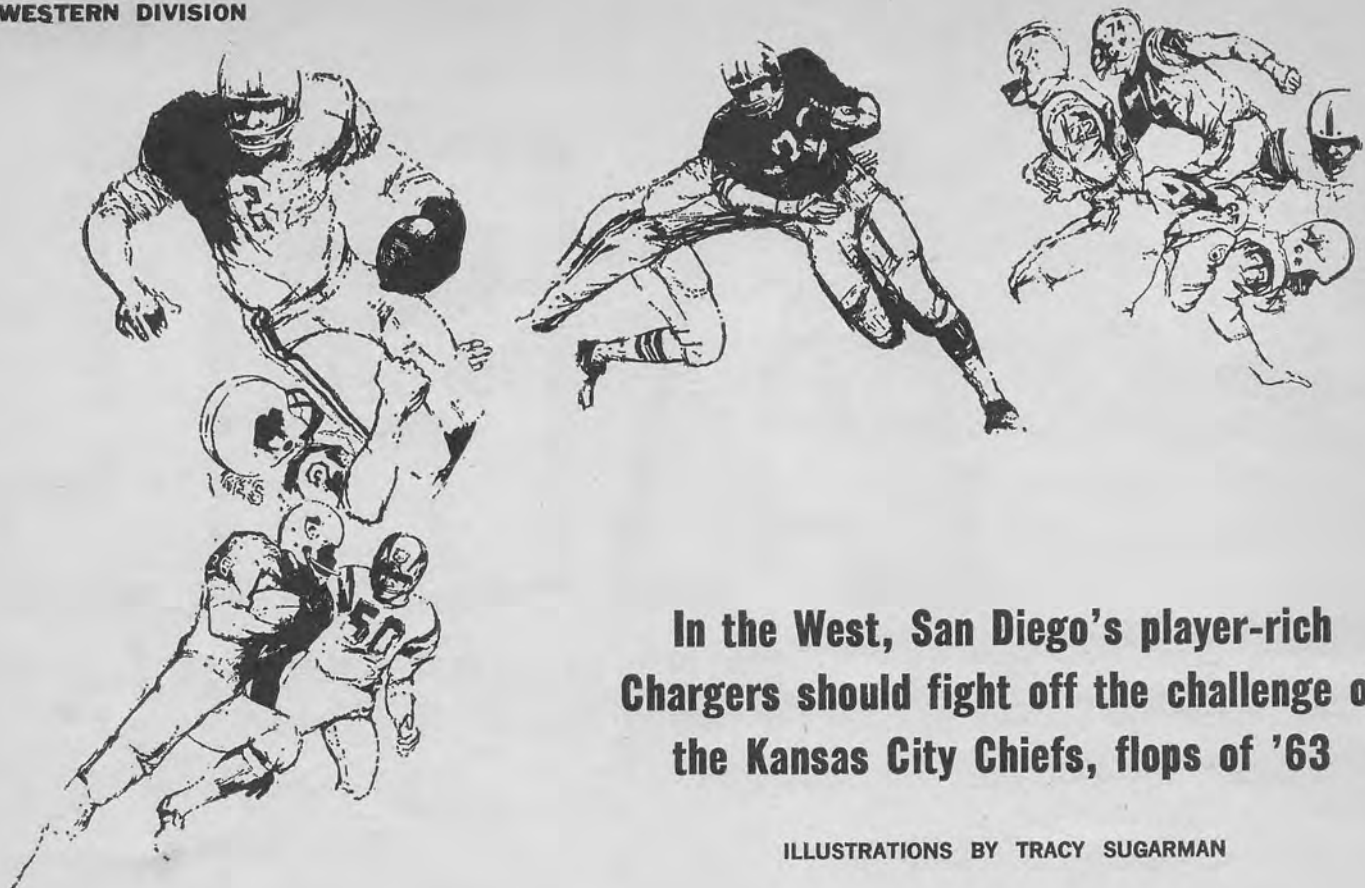
Fred Kaplan



JOE FOSS
American Football League
Commissioner

FIVE YEARS is a short span in terms of a man's life. However, in just that length of time the American Football League has become as firmly entrenched as any professional athletic organization in modern history has in a similar period. The AFL has "turned the corner," so to speak, and wide acceptance is now ours. But the league's brightest days are still ahead. This 1964 season will see increased attendance, greater television exposure, and continuance of the thrilling, wide-open brand of football which has been the trademark of the league since its inception.

Joe Foss



**In the West, San Diego's player-rich
Chargers should fight off the challenge of
the Kansas City Chiefs, flops of '63**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TRACY SUGARMAN

1. San Diego Chargers

The soundest team in the league didn't sign many draft picks . . . because it didn't need 'em.

2. Kansas City Chiefs

Poor blocking hurt KC's running game last year. But the team has excellent veterans, rookies.

3. Oakland Raiders

Although the Oakland Raiders stunned the American League in 1963—this is 1964.

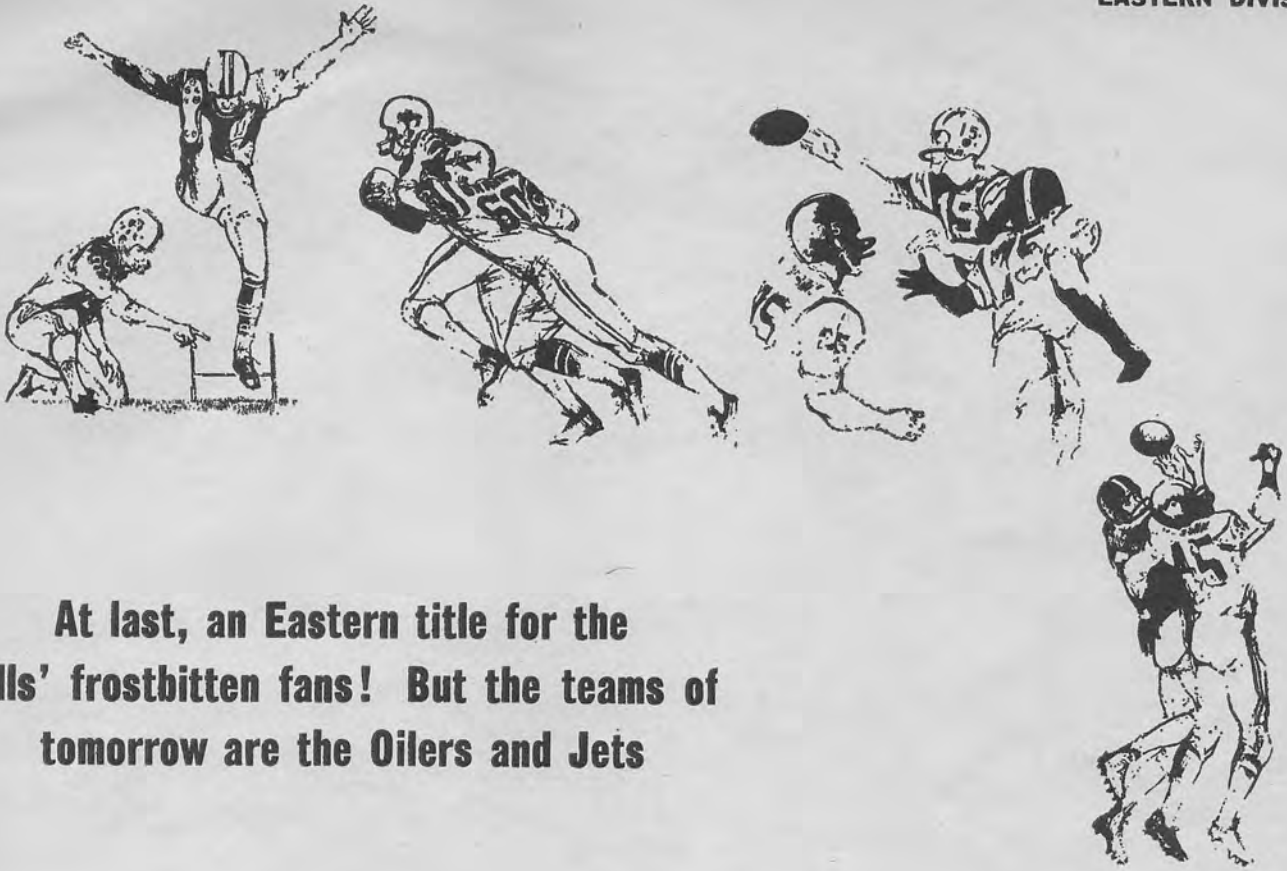
4. Denver Broncos

"A guy named Joe" will lead the Broncos toward .500, even with erratic quarterbacking.

This is not the year the American Football League gets a gilt complex. That happens in 1965, when the AFL's golden TV egg hatches—a five-year television contract with the American Broadcasting Company. The new TV deal will guarantee each of the eight AFL teams approximately \$900,000 apiece, for the first time enabling them to compete on fairly equal terms with the older National League in the pursuit of top college players.

Competitively, the AFL still cannot match the NFL. But the AFL is improving fast. Otto Graham says it's almost the equal of the NFL on offense, and that the 1963 AFL champion San Diego Chargers could have beaten "the best" of the National Leaguers.

On the next 20 pages, we've analyzed the 1964 prospects of each AFL squad. We think the Chargers will win in the Western Divi-



At last, an Eastern title for the Bills' frostbitten fans! But the teams of tomorrow are the Oilers and Jets

Buffalo Bills 1.

The catalysts will be fullback Cookie Gilchrist, passer Jack Kemp—and a better pass rush.

Houston Oilers 2.

Rookies will offset an aging Blanda, a sore-backed Cannon and rumors of dissension.

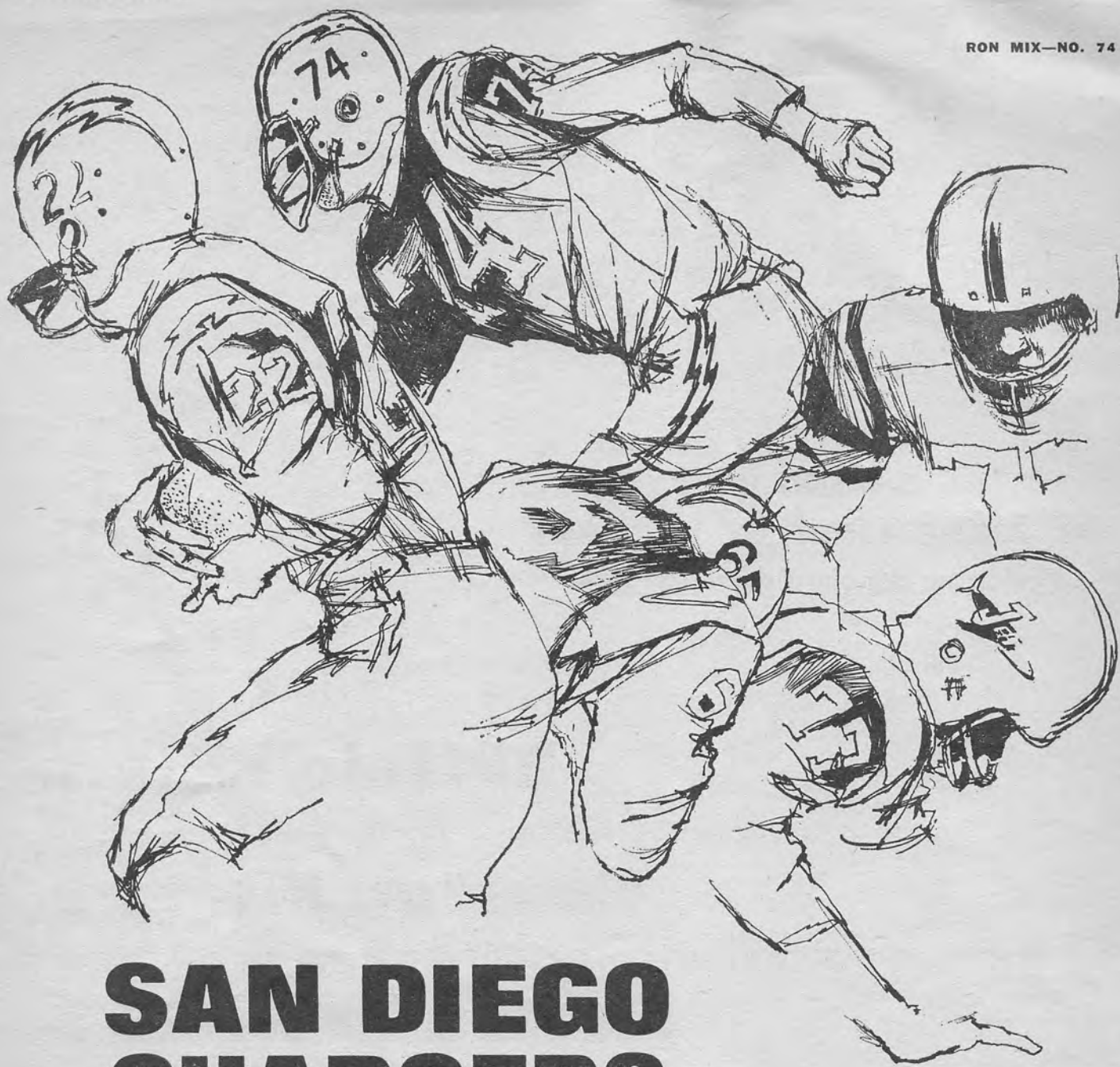
Boston Patriots 3.

The defending Eastern champs have a strong defense again, but the league is much tougher.

New York Jets 4.

The AFL's most improved team has fine rookies, yet its progress won't show in the standings.

sion, the Buffalo Bills in the Eastern. The All-AFL team will be: Defense—Earl Faison (San Diego) and Don Floyd (Houston), ends; Tom Sestak (Buffalo) and Houston Antwine (Boston), tackles; Bobby Bell (Kansas City), Larry Grantham (New York) and Archie Matsos (Oakland), linebackers; Tony Banfield (Houston) Goose Gonsoulin (Denver) Dainard Paulson (New York) and Charlie McNeil (San Diego), halfbacks; Offense—Art Powell (Oakland), split end; Fred Arbanas (Kansas City), tight end; Ron Mix (San Diego) and Jim Tyrer (Kansas City), tackles; Billy Shaw (Buffalo) and Billy Neighbors (Boston), guards; Jim Otto (Oakland), center; Len Dawson (Kansas City), quarterback; Clemon Daniels (Oakland), halfback; Cookie Gilchrist (Buffalo), fullback; Lance Alworth (San Diego), flankerback.



SAN DIEGO CHARGERS

Depth, speed, youth, power—
and a wise old QB—should
produce another championship

THE SAN DIEGO CHARGERS are very likely the most powerful, deepest team in the American Football League. With the exception of 1962, when injuries wrecked the club, San Diego has dominated the AFL's Western Division, winning the conference title three times. And last year the Chargers won their first league championship, crushing the Boston Patriots, 51-10, in one of those one-sided games that so often develop when a pro title is at stake. The success formula of the Chargers can be summed up in two words: (1) money; (2) organization. To obtain the best football players, owner Baron Hilton has spent more cash than he has hotel rooms. Then he turns the players over to a solid pro staff led by coach Sid Gillman. Like Vince Lombardi of the Green Bay Packers, Gillman believes in simplicity and execution: balance between running and passing, putting fundamentals before frills—that kind of thing.

Gillman knows better than to predict another championship; look, he used to coach the Los Angeles Rams, and if you don't learn caution from coaching the Rams, you never will. Still, Sid thinks his 1964 Chargers will be better than last year's champions. The rub is that the rest of the league will be competitively tougher, so much tougher that injuries to key players could push even a strong-down-the-line team like San Diego from first to who knows where. Oddly, the Chargers expect improvement even though they have signed few college players with any chance to stick. The only "name" draftee signed is Ken Dill, a 220-pound Mississippi linebacker who must break in at a position where the players stack up four deep. Some AFL cynics trace San Diego's failure to sign its high draft choices to the loss of chief recruiter Al Davis, now the head coach and general manager at Oakland. Davis, who can talk the robins out of the trees, was responsible for signing most of the Chargers' current stars.

Despite the relative trickle of college plasma, don't feel sorry for San Diego. Gillman has a team that averages just over 25 years of age, with an average of four years in pro ball. There are hardly any old geezers playing out that one last year. Balancing strengths and weaknesses should give you some idea. The Chargers have fine quarterbacking and passing, superb running, outstanding pass receivers, big, fast offensive linemen, the league's best pass defense and third best rushing defense. True, the offensive guards could use more experience (time will take care of that) and the centers are not All-League (everybody can't be). Some weaknesses!

The essence of a pro football team is its quarterbacking. The Chargers have 14-year pro veteran Tobin Rote. He's the man who transformed San Diego last season, who finally made all that speed and muscle work in unison. Remember 1962, when young John Hadl was the top quarterback? Hadl is a good football player who would probably be better off as a Hornung-style running halfback. But he has yet to prove he can pass with the exquisite precision and range demanded of a pro quarterback—particularly on third down. Enter Mr. Rote, who had been playing in Canada after long service in the National Football League (Packers and Lions). Rote is no longer the rollout threat of other seasons, which is probably just as well. Many pro coaches say that quarterbacks who run are quarterbacks who get hurt. They prefer their passers to stay behind a protective screen of blockers.

Now that the Chargers have learned their lessons by Rote, they

At 35, that was fine with Rote. He sheltered himself in the lee of 245-pound All-Pro tackle Ron Mix and passed with wonderful precision and range. He threw so well that he led the league with a .592 completion average and 20 touchdowns. Also, his knowledge of the game allowed him to plunder young AFL defensive units. Coach Gillman calls Tobin "the finest all-round quarterback ever to take the snap from center." But Rote is now 36. And during the off-season he had to keep his throwing arm in a cast for six weeks till some badly strained ligaments healed. The Chargers think he is all right now. If not, re-enter John Hadl or maybe Clemson rookie Jim Parker. But don't bet against Tobin Rote.

Three tremendous backs—fullback Keith Lincoln, halfback Paul Lowe and flankerback Lance Alworth—fill out the offensive backfield. It's the best in the AFL and one of the best in both leagues. If Keith Lincoln were ten pounds heavier and Tobin Rote five years younger, it would be *the* best. At 212 pounds, Lincoln is light for a bucking back. He's not really a fullback in the Jim Brown sense, but rather a big, transplanted halfback. Lincoln ranked fourth among AFL ball-carriers last year, although he missed two games due to injury, and his 6.5-yard rushing average led everybody. He runs, blocks, catches passes, throws passes, returns punts and kickoffs, can placekick and play defensive halfback. Against Boston in the 1963 championship game, he gained 349 yards: 206 rushing, 123 catching passes and 20 throwing passes. The Chargers have a couple of big line-plungers in 238-pound Bob Jackson and 225-pound Gerry McDougall, but Lincoln does so much more so much better than these two good heavyweights hardly play at all.

Halfback Paul Lowe isn't quite as versatile as Lincoln; all he can do is run and catch passes. Lowe is probably the most dangerous single-play runner in the league. Abner Haynes of Kansas City? Lowe is tougher and stronger. Paul has exceptional speed, but his greatest asset is his ability to change pace and direction in a wink. He used to be a 175-pound weakling who kept getting an arm or a leg broken. Last year he weighed in at 204 pounds and the other teams kept getting hurt. Lowe was the AFL's second leading ground-gainer with 1010 yards and a 5.7-yard average. He is also the young American League's second leading all-time ground-gainer.

Lowe and Lincoln line up as the Chargers' tight, or running, backs. Lance Alworth is the flanker. Nineteen-sixty-three was Alworth's first full pro season. As a rookie in 1962, he was slowed down by a serious leg injury. Since every star has to have a nickname, Alworth is called "Bambi," because he runs like Walt Disney's cartoon deer. In college, Lance ran the hundred in 9.7, and there are few, if any, defensive backs who can keep step with him, especially on deep pass patterns. And Alworth is tall enough (6-3) and strong enough (185) to fight for the ball when he is covered. He finished sixth among AFL pass receivers in 1963 with 61 receptions, but that doesn't tell the full story. He was first in average gain (19.7 yards) and second in total yardage (to Art Powell of Oakland) with 1206 yards. Lance was also the fourth ranking punt return man. In case you're wondering, Bambi has a weakness. His fakes and cuts are not what they should and will be. Oh well, they say Elizabeth Taylor has a mole.

Up ahead of these touchdown scorers, coach Gillman has a zoo of big, sweaty animals.

will give everybody plenty of "L"—Lincoln, Lowe, Ladd and Lance!

Spread end Don Norton, fast and sure-handed, is the runt at 195 pounds. He was hurt for seven games last year. Blocking end Dave Kocourek weighs 245 pounds, and his sub, Jaque MacKinnon, goes 250 and runs the hundred in ten seconds flat. Ron Mix is the finest blocking tackle in football, and 265-pound Ernie Wright, a four-year pro, is good enough. The Chargers weep crocodile tears over their guards—Sam Gruneison, Pat Shea, Sam DeLuca and Walt Sweeney—but they'll do. And center Don Rogers' principal fault is that he plays so unostentatiously. His replacement, Wayne Frazier, has missed a season and a half with an injured knee and must prove himself all over again.

Defensively, most AFL coaches envy Gillman his deep, flexible secondary, with its five splendid umbrella spokes: George Blair, Dick Harris, Dick Westmoreland, Bud Whitehead and Charlie McNeil. Blair, who also kicks field goals and extra points, had knee trouble the last two years, but he could be the leading safetyman in the AFL. Both Whitehead and Harris can play either corner or safety. Westmoreland was 1963's runner-up as "Rookie of the Year." McNeil, All-League in 1961, was out most of '62 and all of '63 with—what else?—a knee injury. He and Westmoreland are very sure, hard tacklers.

The San Diego front four is so good that throughout last year All-AFL tackle Ernie Ladd didn't even start the game. Gillman would start 260-pound rookie George Gross while Ladd worked up a 6-9, 325-pound hate on the bench. Then in Ernie would go and opponents would start flying; Ladd devours blockers and ballcarriers the way he eats eggs—by the dozen. The other tackle, 280-pound Henry Schmidt, keeps improving, while if 6-5, 262-pound defense end Earl Faison gets any better he will be illegal. And judging by his rookie season, 252-pound Bob Petrich may turn out to be as good as Faison. Fred Moore, 245, from Memphis State, is a promising rookie pass rusher.

Veteran middle linebacker Chuck Allen is the best of 12 (count them) linebackers on the San Diego training camp roster. Allen, 225 pounds, is All-AFL stuff. Emil Karas is back at one corner, with Frank Buncom and Bob Mitinger sharing the other side. Both Mitinger and Buncom have built-in drawbacks. Mitinger is a year-round law student, so his time and loyalties are divided. Buncom has been bothered by a painful nerve in his shoulder. Paul Maguire, the swing man, played erratically last year—and is in double jeopardy because his punting also deteriorated (38.6-yard average, poorest in the league). Maguire may be supplanted as a spare linebacker by 240-pound Rufus Guthrie, a 1962 All-America at Georgia Tech. Guthrie missed the whole '63 season after suffering a severe knee injury in training camp. Hopefully, an operation has repaired it. Other new linebackers are John Carpenter of Texas A&M, Fred Collins of Grambling (Ernie Ladd's school), John Case of Clemson, Bob Mangum of TCU and J. R. Williams of Fresno State.

All of which brings us back full circle: the Chargers are very likely the most powerful, deepest, etc. The wonder is that they lost three games last year. They may lose three games again in 1964, but it won't matter. This is too good a club not to win in the West—and, it says here, too good not to win another league championship as well! Matter of fact, the Chargers right now are as good as half a dozen NFL teams, and in a year or so could be as good as most.

KANSAS CITY CHIEFS

Coach Hank Stram must experiment to shake the Chiefs out of their '63 rut. Linebacker E.J. Holub may shift to offense; and the team may go with a rare three-man defensive line

WHAT A DIFFERENCE a year makes. In 1962, the Chiefs (then the Dallas Texans) won the AFL title with the youngest championship team in pro sports history. Last season, with the franchise transferred to Kansas City, coach Hank Stram's team fell to third place in the West and won only five out of 14 games. How did the Chiefs get so bad so fast? They didn't, really. Actually, Kansas City is not far behind San Diego in star-quality players. But the Chiefs are doomed to chase again unless shortcomings in the offensive and defensive lines are corrected immediately.

Assigning blame is always easy, but there's no doubt that poor line blocking hurt the Chiefs. Their running game soon foundered, forcing quarterback Len Dawson to throw, throw, throw. Then the pass protection crumbled. Dawson, 61 percent accurate with his passes in 1962, when he was AFL "Player of the Year," was too often swamped by defensive linemen or had to throw while running for his life. Result: his completion percentage dipped to 54 percent. That's still good, but just enough of a slump to make a difference. More important, Len also took a severe physical beating and had to be replaced late in the year by second stringer Eddie Wilson. Wilson did well (20 completions in 32 tries in his first game), but Dawson must play consistently for Kansas City to catch San Diego—and to play consistently he must get protection from his line. It's a tribute to Len's ability and courage that he threw 26 touchdown passes last year, high for the league. The third quarterback is top draft pick Pete Beathard, the USC All-America. Pete has good size (6-4, 205) and a good arm.

One of the primary reasons for the spotty K.C. offensive line play was the absence of 6-3, 250-pound All-AFL tackle Jerry Cornelison. Jerry retired last year rather than accompany the team from his hometown, Dallas, to Kansas City. Now he's changed his mind and will unretire. Team Cornelison with two-time All-AFLer Jim Tyrer, 6-6, 291 pounds, and you have the best tackle pair in the league. Sub Dave Hill must watch out for two big rookie tackles from Pitt—Ernie Borghetti (245 pounds) and John Maczuzak (250). Both are fine prospects. Guard is still a problem position. Coach Stram has veterans in Marvin Terrell, Al Reynolds and Curt Merz, but only Reynolds really satisfies. The return of 6-5, 260-pound guard Ed Budde would be a godsend. But Budde was viciously skulled in an off-season brawl, and nobody yet knows how much, if any, football he will play in 1964. Jon Gilliam, a five-year pro, should start at center, although the Chiefs may switch their outstanding corner linebacker, E.J. Holub, to offense.

Tight end Fred Arbanas and split end Chris Burford fill out the offensive line. Arbanas, 245 pounds, is the AFL Ron Kramer. He caught more passes last year (34) than any other strong-side end. Burford caught 63 passes and is particularly tough running the sideline

pattern. Tommy Brooker, the team's PAT and field goal man, backs up Arbanas. Jerrell Wilson is the punter—43.8 yards last season, No. 2 in the league.

The Chiefs have plenty of fast, talented ballcarriers. The best, of course, are 6-3, 235-pound fullback Curtis "The Count" McClinton, and 190-pound breakaway halfback Abner Haynes. McClinton, a trampler, was eighth among AFL rushers last year—yet that was a disappointment. Haynes is spectacular when in one piece. But he keeps getting hurt, and his frail physique makes him a liability as a pass blocker. Coach Stram may move Abner to flanker and use a "big back" offense with McClinton and 220-pound Jack Spikes. Trouble is, where does that leave the present flanker, Frank Jackson—almost as tricky a runner as Haynes and more durable? Reserve backs are veteran Bert Coan and rookie Preacher Pilot.

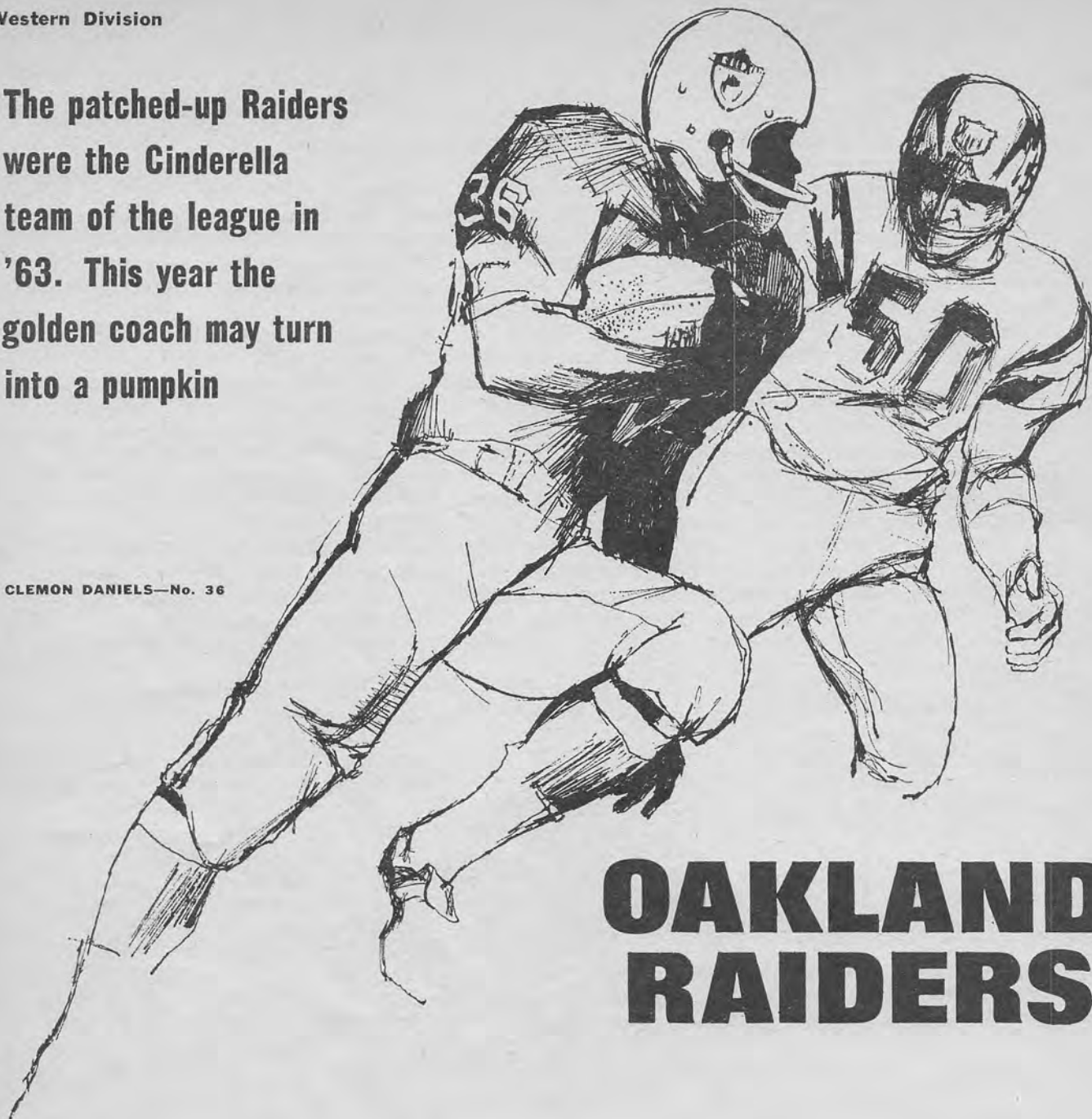
Just as the return of Jerry Cornelison will buttress the K.C. offense line, so will the retirement of All-AFL tackle Jerry Mays hurt the defensive front. Mays has decided to stick with his business in Dallas. That leaves the Chiefs with only one proven defensive lineman—end Mel Branch—and two promising but not totally tested second-year players, 290-pound Buck Buchanan and 270-pound Curt Farrier. Stram may do what he did at times last year: use a three-man front with four linebackers—Sherrill Headrick, Walt Corey, Smokey Stover and Bobby Bell. Bell, 228 pounds and amazingly quick, could be a great pro linebacker. Or if the Chiefs want a standard four-man rush, they can try to force-feed rookies Ed Lothamer, 240, from Michigan State, John Fritsch, 255, from the San Diego Marines, and Bill Freeman, 235, of Southern Mississippi. The secondary is good. Johnny Robinson, Bobby Hunt, Bobby Ply, Duane Wood and Dave Grayson will be playing their third year together. Wood will move from cornerback to safety. The spares are sprinter Charley Warner and Georgia Tech rookie Joe Auer.



Fullback Curtis McClinton

The patched-up Raiders were the Cinderella team of the league in '63. This year the golden coach may turn into a pumpkin

CLEMON DANIELS—No. 36



OAKLAND RAIDERS

WHEN AL DAVIS became Raider head coach and general manager last year, he inherited a team that had won only three games out of 25 in two previous seasons. Davis did not mess around. He fired half the players and got men who could help. The result was a little miracle. Oakland won ten out of 14 games, beat the San Diego Chargers twice and hung in the Western Division race till the final Sunday. Paradoxically, all this sudden success worries Davis. He may be young—at 34 he was the youngest coach/GM in pro football history—but he wasn't born yesterday. He knows that he took the league by surprise—and that it probably won't happen again; "the year of the ambush," Davis calls 1964. Could be. The Raiders will be a sound football team, but they should finish in third place—a few games closer to .500.

Davis starts with a big plus: Clemon Daniels, statistically the best ballcarrier in the AFL in 1963—and its Most Valuable Player. Daniels is a 218-pound halfback who runs with the power of a fullback and the swiftness of a trackman (9.8 for the hundred). In 1960 and part of 1961, Clem was an obscure defensive back with the Dallas Texans. Then he was released and joined the Oakland taxi squad. In 1962, he was converted to a running back

and finished fourth among AFL rushers. Last season he vaulted to first place, setting a league record with 1099 yards gained on 214 carries. The other Oakland tight back, 205-pound Al Miller, is there principally for his strong blocking. Davis had hoped to sign 215-pound rookie halfback Tony Lorick of Arizona State; in fact, Lorick did put his name on some kind of Raider document. But Tony also signed with the Baltimore Colts of the NFL, and will probably play for them.

Besides the maturing of Clem Daniels, the major Raider achievement of '63 was the development—at last—of a consistent passing attack. Young (27) quarterback Tom Flores and old (32) quarterback Cotton Davidson shared the job. Between them, they completed 31 touchdown passes—20 of them thrown by Flores, who made a remarkable comeback after missing the whole 1962 season with a serious lung infection. Flores always threw the long pass well, and now he seems to have overcome his two main failings: inaccuracy on short or medium passes and a tendency to float the ball instead of whipping it to his receiver hard and flat. Both Flores and Davidson owe at least some of their '63 glory to their excellent split end, 6-3, 210-pound Art Powell, who joined the club last year after playing out his option with Harry Wismer's old New York Titans. Powell caught 73 passes, 16 for touchdowns. He has terrific speed, hands and fakes, and almost cannot be covered one-on-one. The Raider offensive and defensive lines somehow got the job done last year, to the bewilderment of some rival coaches. On offense, the top men are 245-pound center Jim Otto, All-AFL four times in a row, 245-pound running guard Wayne Hawkins, and two NFL tackle castoffs, 225-pound Proverb Jacobs and 260-pound Frank Youso.

Oakland's real weakness last year was its defense. In the last two games, for example, the opposition scored 80 points. Happily, the Raider offense managed to win both games—but coach Davis knows you can't keep that up for long. That's why he used the college draft to shore up his defense platoon. Six of his ten top picks (he signed Nos. 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, and 9) will be tried on defense first. The best rookie possibilities are 235-pound Miami linebacker Dan Conners; 215-pound Boston University linebacker Bill Budness; 205-pound Susquehanna defensive back Don Green; 245-pound William & Mary tackle John Sapinsky; 195-pound defensive back Vince Petno from The Citadel; and 220-pound linebacker John Williamson of Louisiana Tech.

For the time being, however, expect the Raiders to start an experienced front four—Dan Birdwell and Dalva Allen at the ends, 280-pound Chuck McMurtry and 245-pound Dave Costa at the tackles. Costa was one of two AFL rookies to make the '63 All-Star game. Ends Reg Carolan and Jon Jelacic supply depth, but Coach Davis wants more. The same is true at linebacker, where the lone standout is 217-pound middle linebacker Archie Matsos. The Raiders have a great defensive corner back—218-pound Fred Williamson. Just ask him. But Fred almost plays up to his ego. Safetyman Tommy Morrow is also an outstanding defender, and Jim McMillin, Claude Gibson and Joe Krakoski round out the secondary that was the league's second best last season.

Oakland needs more than defense. The team needs consistent pass receivers or Art Powell will be double-teamed to death—and more runners to help Daniels. As a rookie, 230-pound tight end Ken Herock showed potential as a blocker and short receiver, as did converted guard Bob Mischak. And maybe this is the season fast (9.4) flanker Bo Roberson puts all his skills together. The kicking is just adequate; both placements and punting are handled by NFL reject Mike Mercer.

DENVER BRONCOS

Trades and good young players make the Broncos tougher. Yet they need a top quarterback to lift them out of the basement



BILLY JOE—NO. 32

THE BRONCOS will go only as far as their quarterbacks lead them—that's axiomatic—and last year the destination was disaster: a last-place finish with a 2-11-1 record. Coach Jack Faulkner tried three different quarterbacks. John McCormick, the former Minnesota Viking, seemed to be the best man, passing the club to its only two victories. But then Mac hurt his knee and missed ten games. His replacements, rookies Mickey Slaughter and Don Breaux, tried hard and showed promise. Slaughter completed 50.2 percent of his passes before he suffered a concussion and a shoulder separation, and Breaux, 50.7 percent. McCormick had a winter knee operation and is expected to be ready. Slaughter's shoulder is supposed to have healed, too. If they make a complete recovery, Denver will be much tougher. The Broncos are young—they played with 12 rookies last year—and have strengthened themselves in trades with the New York Jets and Buffalo Bills. They did not get many players in the college draft, but the four they did sign should stick and star.

Coach Faulkner didn't even have to review game films to know that he had to get a strong-er pass rush from his defense. Thus the big trade with the Jets. Veteran tackle Gordy Holz was sent to New York for 250-pound tackles Dick Guesman (who can also place-kick) and Charley Janerette. Faulkner feels they may put more pressure on rival quarterbacks. At the other defensive tackle, 280-pound captain Bud McFadin, at 36, may at last have to share playing time—with former Patriot LeRoy Moore, 240, 250-pound Anton Peters (hurt last year), and 255-pound rookie Ron Puckett of Los Angeles State. Tough Charlie Gavin and Ike Lassiter will play defensive end, although Lassiter could shift to tackle if 275-pound Ray Jacobs comes through as anticipated. Ike weighs 290 and is very agile.

Denver gave up a good middle linebacker, Wahoo McDaniel, in the Jet trade—but got a good prospect from New York in 225-pound soph Jim Price, who can play middle or corner. The holdover linebackers are Tom Erlandson, Larry Jordan, Jim Fraser, John Nocera and Jerry Hopkins. Hopkins will start at middle linebacker if he improves his play against the run. Fraser is also the AFL's best punter with a 45.8-yard average. With Willie West obtained from Buffalo, the Broncos now have four good defensive backs—All-AFL safety Goose Gonsoulin, West, safety John McGeever and young Bobby Janik.

On offense, the Broncos have quarterback problems, as indicated. But no such qualms exists about the running game. Start with hard-running, 250-pound fullback Billy Joe, 1963's "Rookie of the Year" and sixth leading ground-gainer in the league (4.2-yard average). Billy's lone weakness is pass blocking. He's supported by Donnie Stone, who's not big (205 pounds) but who runs hard and fights for yards. Three veterans are competing for the starting halfback job: field goal specialist Gene Mingo, second-year man Hewritt Dixon and Charlie Mitchell. Mingo has speed and good hands, yet has never quite made it as a runner. Dixon, 215 pounds, missed two thirds of last season with an injury, while Mitchell played mostly defense. Charlie is a Bobby Mitchell-style runner, but at 185 pounds can he take the tight-back pounding? At flanker, Bob Scarpitto has the edge over Bill Groman. But here the Broncos have quite a rookie: Al Denson of Florida A&M. Denson, 6-3, 220 pounds, has run the hundred in 9.6.

Split end Lionel Taylor has led all AFL pass receivers every year (78 catches in '63). He's not fast, but he gets the ball. Coach Faulkner expects 6-3, 250-pound rookie Matt Snorton of Michigan State to break in at tight end. He could be another Mike Ditka. Jim Perkins, All-AFL Eldon Danenhauer and Harold Olson are sound tackles. Danenhauer and Perkins will start. The Broncos got guard Sid Fournet from the Jets. He could oust one of last year's starters, Bob McCullough or Ernie Barnes, and second-year guard Tom Nomina, 270 pounds, may make it a clean sweep. The best rookie guard is 250-pound Don Shackleford of the University of the Pacific. Center Jerry Sturm is listed ahead of 245-pound Texas A&M rookie Ray Kubala, but it may not be for long. Sturm can also play guard and tackle.

Last again for Denver, but much better than 2-11-1.

BUFFALO BILLS

**Last year Buffalo tied for first with half
a Cookie Gilchrist. Now Cookie is healthier, if not happier, so
the Bills should make it to first alone**

ONCE BURNED, twice shy. Last year the Bills bragged loudly about their embarrassment of riches, and the experts were sufficiently convinced to pick them as sure-fire Eastern Division champions. Buffalo came close, finishing in a 7-6-1 first-place tie with Boston. But then coach Lou Saban's team embarrassed itself with a listless, 26-8 home-field loss to the Patriots, looking so bad they were booed by their fans. Now coach Saban can hardly be persuaded to utter an encouraging word. Listen:

"At best our situation is 'iffy.' We've got to shore up some weaknesses in order to do as well as last year. And we can't stand the serious injuries to key personnel we had in 1963. We didn't have the proper balance last year. We didn't have enough outside speed. And even if Cookie Gilchrist had been the Cookie of 1962, we would still have been in trouble. Some people say we passed too much. Why, when we got inside the other guy's 20-yard-line, we either had to throw or give it to Cookie! We didn't have the outside runner who could keep the defense loose and honest."

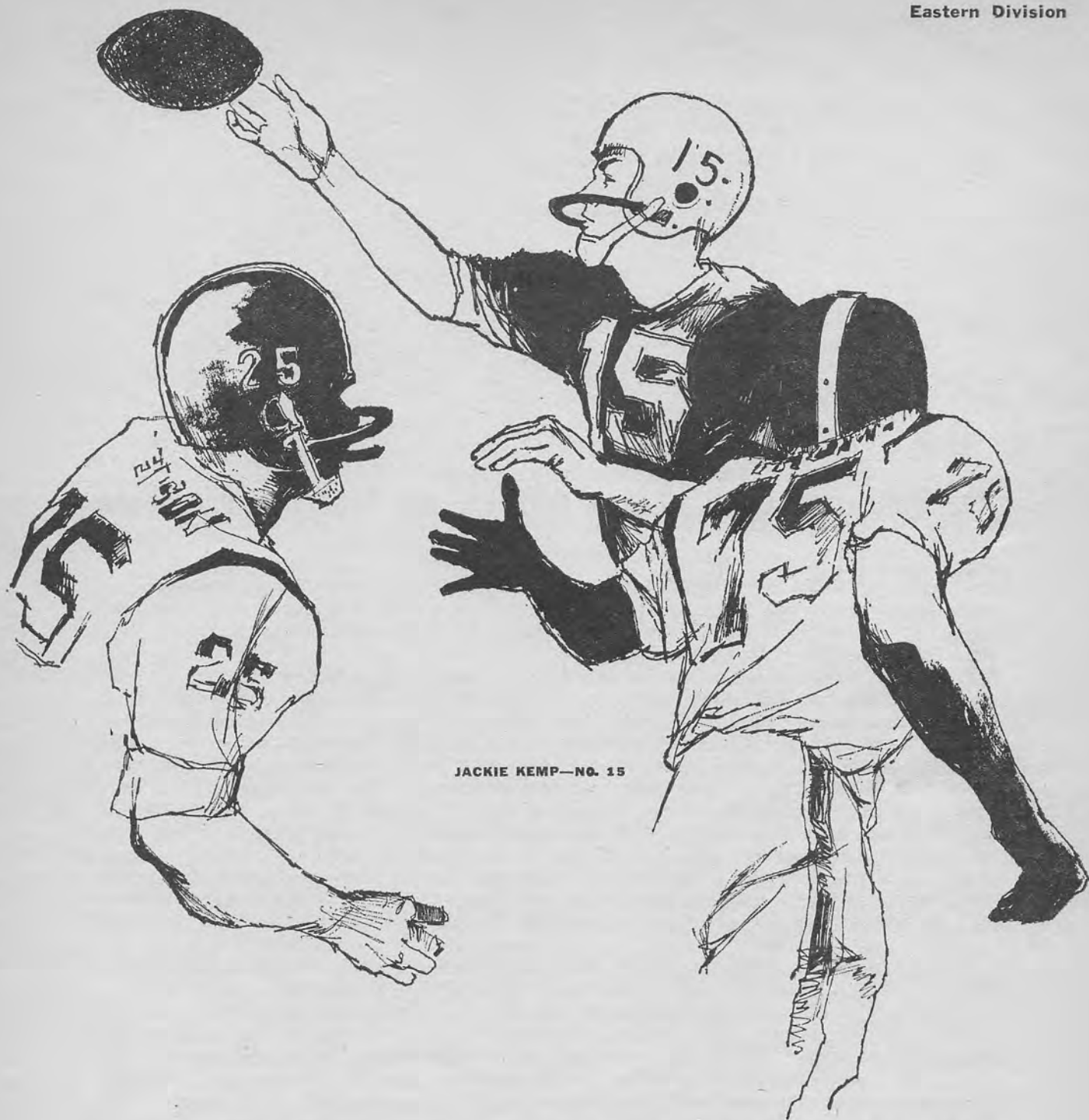
Saban shook his head in disbelief. "We lost six games and in none of them did we score more than two touchdowns. That record sure makes a liar out of the statistics which rank us second in total offense, in rushing and in passing."

So speaks a coach who suspects he should have won but didn't.

Let's take first things first. Namely, Cookie Gilchrist, the AFL's No. 1 ground-gainer (1096 yards) in 1962. At 251 pounds, Cookie is the biggest, most tackle-resistant fullback this side of Jim Brown. He is also, sad to relate, something of a discipline problem. Cookie gets into trouble with cars and police; he occasionally bangs up both—something like Sonny Liston. You could say that "boys will be boys," but Gilchrist is 29 years old, and his reputation as an off-the-field antics man dates back to his Canadian league days.

Cookie also spent most of 1963 aching from various hurts—ribs, ankle and toe. He played—nobody questions his gameness—but operated at perhaps 40 percent of his usual running efficiency during the first eight games of the '63 season. When he finally recovered, the rest of the league knew it. Gilchrist gained 700 yards in the final six games of the year—including an all-time pro single-game record of 243 yards—and finished third among AFL rushers with 979 yards, 232 carries and a 4.2-yard average. He was largely responsible for the Bills rallying from far behind to tie Boston for the lead. But in the off-season, Cookie screamed for more money, threatening to hold out. Headlines also screamed about his altercations with the police. The result? With Cookie, who knows. He may be a disaffected ballplayer who has possibly outlived his usefulness in Buffalo—or an angry monster who runs over everybody in sight.

Assuming that Cookie crumples instead of crumbles, the Bills still haven't got that speed runner Saban says he must have. The closest approximation is 228-pound halfback Wray Carlton, but Wray must be persuaded that he is too young (28) to retire. Carlton sustained



JACKIE KEMP—No. 15

a nasty leg injury in '63 and said he was done with football. Should Wray return, he and Gilchrist will comprise the largest backfield in football, although neither is really fast enough to swing around the ends consistently. If Carlton stays retired, Saban will have to pick and choose from his rookies: Bob Smith of North Texas State, Willie Ross of Nebraska, Butch Byrd of Boston University, Oliver Dobbins of Morgan State and Bob Curington of North Carolina College. All have speed, but who knows if they are good enough for pro ball. The Bills will most likely try to trade for a halfback. Saban is willing to say precisely whom he wants: either Leroy Jackson, the 9.3 sprinter on the Oakland roster, or Charlie Mitchell of Denver.

When the Bills faltered from time to time in '63, and especially after the playoff disaster against the Patriots, you kept hearing that the club management was disenchanted with the play of starting quarterback Jackie Kemp. Not so, insists Saban. He points out that Kemp did not have healthy runners to call on, and that even so he completed 50.5 percent of his passes, was second in the league in passing yardage (2914) and ranked third in all-round passing efficiency. Red-headed Jack is a scrambling quarterback who throws the long ball

The Bills were awful on pass defense, not because their backs

best. He is not likely to be displaced by second-stringer Daryle Lamonica—at least not yet—although Lamonica will be a good quarterback in time and showed flashes of his potential last year. Mailon Kent, an Auburn rookie, will be the third quarterback—if Saban keeps three.

The pass receivers are perfectly satisfactory: flanker back Elbert “Golden Wheels” Dubenion, split end Bill Miller, and tight end Ernie Warlick. Dubenion, 188 pounds, is as fast as anybody in the league. He caught 55 passes last year for ninth place among the receivers and made the All-AFL second team. Once Dubenion lacked the moves to go with his speed—but not any more. Miller, traded to the Bills from the Kansas City Chiefs, was a revelation. Bill is not tall (only 6-1), nor outrageously fast, yet he was the AFL’s No. 4 receiver with 69 catches. Blocking end Warlick, 6-4, 232 pounds, is a good man, but Ernie is over 30 and Saban knows he must find somebody to relieve him periodically. Glenn Bass is Dubenion’s reserve at flanker, while Charlie Ferguson fills in for Miller when needed. Rookie end J. B. Simmons of Tulsa may make it. He was the leading college pass receiver as a junior and fourth last year although he missed half the season with a broken arm. He’s 6-3, 200 pounds. The Bills also hope to sign Cloyd Webb of Iowa, another fast, springy, deep end.

Saban is pleased with his offensive line. His interior linemen will be left tackle Stew Barber, 251, and left guard Billy Shaw, 249; center Al Bemiller, 235; right guard Ken Rice, 255, and right tackle Dick Hudson, 264. Barber and Shaw are superb blocking linemen—among the league’s elite. Bemiller is a good, unheralded center. Rice will be going back to guard, the position he prefers, after playing tackle last year. Saban shifted Rice when Dick Hudson was injured. Hudson had better be completely recovered, because 260-pound tackle Dave Behrman learned a lot as a rookie last year—notably that your college All-America notices are valueless in the pros. Dave will play a lot more in ’64. Tom Day and George Flint are reliable guard subs.

Defensively, the Bills would like to squeeze more rushing power out of their ends. Mack Yoho, 238, and Sid Youngelman, 261, played there last year. Youngelman, however, is basically a tackle—has been all during his ten-year pro career—and Saban hopes to return him to tackle this year. For this to happen, Penn State rookie Harrison “Hatch” Rosdahl, 235 pounds, must come through at defensive end; he was a guard and tackle in college. Rosdahl was the only “name” college player the Bills managed to sign. There’s also Jim Moss, a 225-pound end from South Carolina. Moss was the outstanding rookie in the Buffalo training camp last summer—then broke his ankle and was out all season.

The tackles are huge and mobile. Tom Sestak, 6-4, 270 pounds, is “the best in the league, probably the best in pro football,” according to coach Saban. Sestak is entering his third year with the Bills. Jim Dunaway, also 6-4, 270, should be almost a match for Sestak now that he has learned to curb his aggressiveness. Dunaway rushed so furiously as a rookie that he laid himself open to trap plays. As indicated, Sid Youngelman will probably be the relief tackle, and ex-National Leaguer Roland McDole, 250, may earn a job at tackle if he can’t break in at defense end.

were bad, but because their linemen failed to rush the passer

The linebacking is so-so. Right corner linebacker Mike Stratton, 230, played extremely well last year, but missed four games through injury. Middle linebacker Harry Jacobs, 229, defends well against runs ("best in the league," says Saban), but could provide a more robust pass blitz. On the left side, Herb Pattera, 222, likes to behead ball-carriers. He makes a nice, thwacking sound when he connects, but Coach Saban would like him to connect more regularly. "Pattera's got size, speed, quickness. He hits and reacts well. He's got everything except self-control, which we hope will come with experience. He's only been up two years." Pattera will probably start ahead of six-year pro John Tracey, who played spottily last year, and 11-year veteran Marv Matuszak, whose real value is that he can play all three linebacking positions.

The real victims of the Bills' poor pass rush were the defensive backs. The opposition gained 2831 yards passing against Buffalo and scored 24 touchdowns. Too many passes were caught behind and in front of the cornerbacks, Willie West and Booker Edgerson. But how long can any defensive back be asked to cover a receiver? The linemen have got to make the quarterback get rid of the ball quickly, and this the Bill linemen did not do. West has since been traded to Denver, not because he played badly—he didn't—but because the Bills got a possible running halfback in John Sklopan.

Four men could replace West: rookie Butch Byrd, 6-2, 200 pounds; experienced Carl Sharon (who has chronic back trouble); veteran Bill Atkins, injured most of '63; or Ed Rutkowski, moved from offensive halfback. Ray Abruzzese and George Saines seem set at safety, backed up by Gene Sykes, and the Bills are straining to sign a first-class rookie in Hagood Clark of Florida. Personnel director Harvey Johnson raves about Clark's defensive ability. Even if the up-front rush gets better, however, Buffalo has a little problem: its defensive backs are little and most receivers are tall.

Sloppy place-kicking has hurt the Bills for four years. Not any more, they say. The new *wunderkind* is Pete Gogolak of Cornell. He's a Hungarian refugee who kicks placements with the side of his foot, soccer fashion, after approaching the ball from an angle. Gogolak is accurate up to 50 yards. Daryle Lamonica did the Buffalo punting last year and averaged 39.3 yards a kick. That's not pro level. But if Bill Atkins is ready physically—if his bad knee comes around—he'll take charge. Atkins averaged 45 yards a punt back in 1961, an AFL record until last year, when Denver's Jim Fraser averaged 45.8.

If all this sounds like an undiluted knock, if you wonder how a team with all these flaws is going to win its division title, consider how Lou Saban must feel. Actually, the Buffalo problems can be overcome, or at least overshadowed, if Cookie Gilchrist and Jackie Kemp perform the way they have in other years. Gilchrist was a feared runner even when he couldn't go all-out. This year, he should be much better. For one thing, his legal problems seem to be over; a Buffalo judge has dismissed the assault charge brought against Cookie. And Kemp has not really had a satisfying season since his San Diego paydays, when he was the leading quarterback in the league.

If the Bills improve, say, by two victories, they'll win cleanly. That doesn't seem impossible or even improbable.



HOUSTON OILERS

Houston has two of 1963's
finest college players—
and also an undercurrent
of dissension that may
cause a coaching upheaval

CHARLIE HENNIGAN—NO. 87

EITHER THE AFL is catching up with the Oilers, or the Oilers are coming back to the AFL. After three consecutive Eastern titles and two league championships, Houston crumbled to third place and a 6-8 record in 1963. Coach Pop Ivy has an experienced club; eight men who started in last year's AFL All-Star game are back, and only spare linebacker Gene Babb has retired. In addition, the Oilers enjoyed the most successful draft of any team in either pro league. Of 16 college players selected, Houston signed nine—including Baylor's national passing champion, Don Trull, and 235-pound Texas tackle Scott Appleton, last year's college "Lineman of the Year." Sound good? It is. Except there are signs that the Oilers may choke on the ripe, red apple of discord. Several players, including stars Billy Cannon and George Blanda, have publicly criticized Ivy. If the Oilers start slowly, new offensive backfield coach Sammy Baugh could suddenly become the head coach.

"The thing we need most," coach Ivy says, "is a stronger running game. We have to take some of the load off our passing game." (Houston led the league in passing offense). Here's the way the Oilers' front seven will look: Will Dewveall (58 receptions) at the split end, Bob McLeod at blocking end; Walt Suggs and Rich Michael at the tackles, Bob Talamini and Hogan Wharton at the guards, Bob Schmidt at center. Tackle Staley Faulkner of Texas and guard Bob Crenshaw of Baylor, both 240-pounders, should help right away.

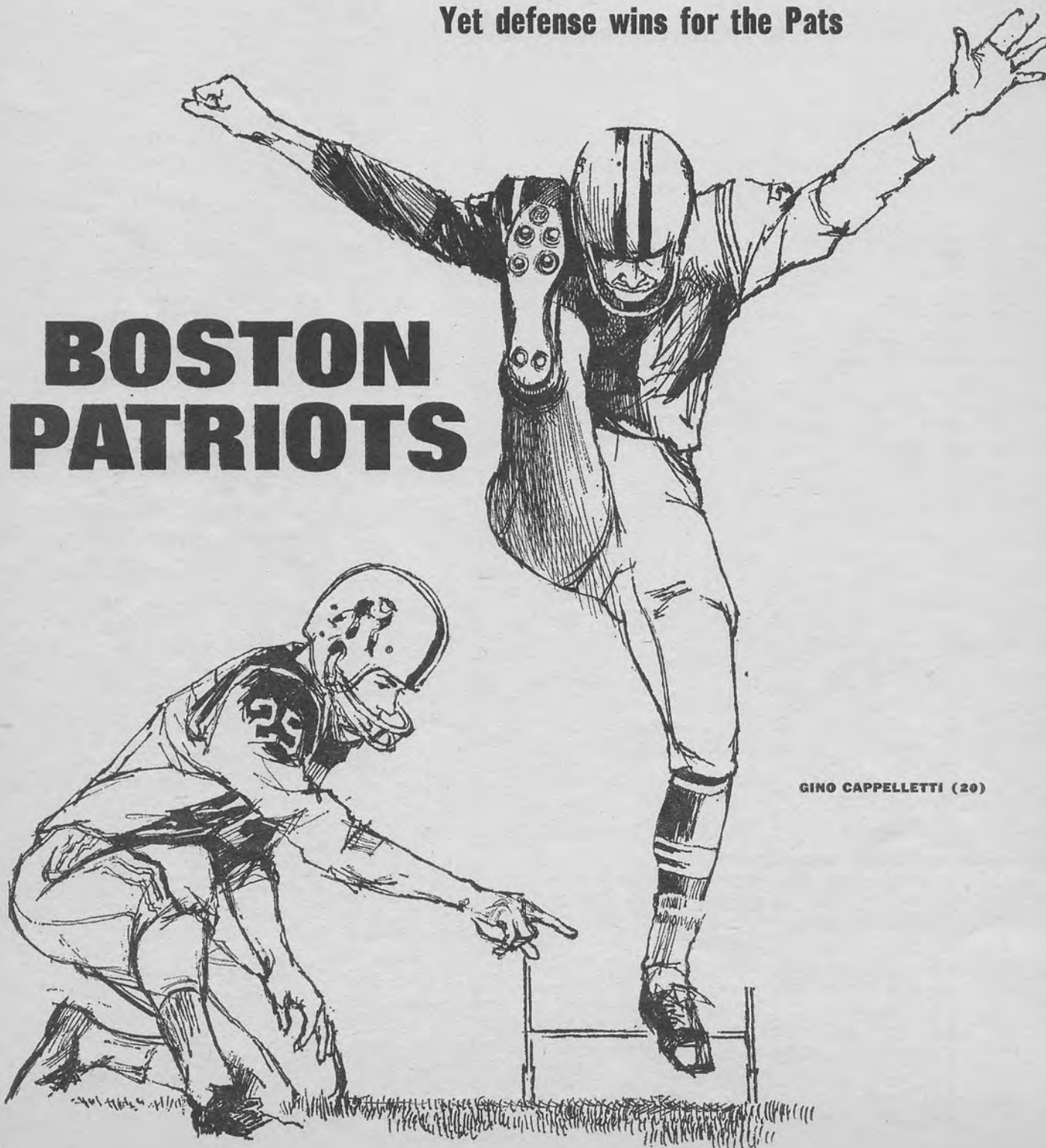
Ivy thinks that he will have a better running game if he can keep his backs healthy. After all, Billy Cannon carried only 13 times last year before a severe back injury sidelined him. And his great blocking was missed. Charley Tolar, the stumpy (5-6, 200) fullback, is a marvel, but how effective will he be with bigger players constantly coming into the league? Rookie flanker Ode Burrell of Mississippi State strikes Ivy as either another Lance Alworth or Doak Walker. Burrell, 185 pounds, may move to running halfback, since nobody will dislodge flanker Charlie Hennigan (61 receptions).

On seniority, the 36-year-old Blanda should start at quarterback. But on ability, it could be Jack Lee, Blanda's understudy for four years. Blanda threw 25 touchdown passes in '63—but also threw 25 interceptions. Rookie Trull, who signed for \$90,000, handled a pro-style offense at Baylor. But he must learn to drop back more than four yards. Don is accurate long and short.

On defense, the Oilers were badly hurt when all-star defensive end Don Floyd broke his jaw and missed the last five games. The other end, Cary Cutsinger, may be replaced by Appleton, who accepted \$120,000 to sign with Houston. At defensive tackle, it's 275-pound second-year player Dudley Meredith and 245-pound Ed Husman, who's been around for ten years, supported by 252-pound John Varnell of West Texas State. Larry Onesti, only 195 pounds, is the ranking middle linebacker. Onesti's lightness is one reason why Ivy may play Scott Appleton here, or go with 235-pound converted guard-center Tom Goode. Doug Cline and Mike Dukes are the corner linebackers, but Cline could be beaten out by 235-pound Danny Brabham, in his second pro season. The defensive backs are All-AFL Tony Banfield and Bobby Jancik at the wings, Jim Norton and '63 interception champ Fred Glick at safety. Jancik was the AFL's leading kickoff and punt returner in '63. Norton also does double duty. He's the Houston punter.

They have the worst passing in
the AFL and hardly any big-name stars.
Yet defense wins for the Pats

BOSTON PATRIOTS



GINO CAPPELLETTI (20)

TRY TO FIGURE out the Patriots. You won't be alone. The rest of the league is unable to. Boston does not have nearly as many "name" players as other teams—Buffalo, for example—yet coach Mike Holovak won the Eastern championship last year (walloping Buffalo in an icy playoff game). It's not magic, either. Holovak, a solid coach, does it with defense—particularly rushing defense, a department in which the Pats led the league in '63. It is, alas, a defense that is getting old and slow, notably in the line. And on offense, the retirement of Milt Graham, a vital blocking tackle, will not help the team's touchdown potential. Even so, Holovak hopes. He thinks he can relieve some of the pressure on his defense by applying more on offense. The man who could make this possible is 190-pound break-away halfback Ron Burton. However, Burton breaks as often as he breaks away. He was hurt almost all of last year. If Ron keeps his health, he will supply the outside threat to counterpoint the line-smashing of 215-pound fullback Larry Garron, fifth leading ground-gainer in the AFL last year with a 4.1-yard average.

If Burton fails, Holovak will try Tom Neumann, a 205-pound second-year man; Jim Crawford, a 200-pound veteran with an injury record almost as long as Burton's; or Nat Craddock, a nomadic 220-pounder who started the '63 season with the NFL Giants, drifted to Canada, then to the Baltimore Colts. The Patriots have a possible box-office star in slippery Pete Pedro, a halfback from nearby Lynn who starred at West Texas State. But "Pistol Pete" weighs only 170 pounds and seems more suited to running back punts and kicks. Harry Crump and Billy Lott, both veterans, supply depth behind Garron.

The passing game depends on the continued "success" of 11-year veteran Babe Parilli. The Babe was ninth and last in the league in passing efficiency last season. His completion average was only 45.4, and he had 24 passes intercepted. Still, look who won the Eastern title! Parilli's substitute is Tom Yewcic, who is mainly a punter. Parilli and Yewcic have good but underrated receivers. Here again, statistics are deceiving. Flanker Jim Colclough caught 42 passes in '63, which didn't even place him in the top ten. But he seems to make the difficult clutch catch, which is all Holovak asks. A couple of New England rookies, Al Snyder of Holy Cross and John Barrett of Boston College, will play behind Colclough. Barrett was one of the fastest schoolboy sprinters in Massachusetts history. At spread end, second-year man Artie Graham, 205 pounds, will probably take precedence over veteran Gino Cappelletti, even though Gino led the AFL in scoring last year—on 35 PATs and 22 field goals. The Patriots feel that Graham, a fine deep receiver, could rise to all-league quality this season. Rookie end Nick Spinelli of Miami also has good receiving credentials.

In the offensive line, the main problem is tackle. With Graham gone, Holovak will pick from among Bob Yates, 230, Lebron Shields, 260, and Joel Goodrich, 255. All have pro experience. If pressed, 245-pound Charley Long could hop back to tackle, where he made All-AFL his first two seasons in the league. Long was shifted to guard last year, where he teams with 240-pound Billy Neighbors. Both are strong blockers, on pass protection and ahead of the ballcarrier. Walt Cudzik is the center, and the only better one in the AFL is Jim Otto.

Boston will start essentially the same defensive line as in '63: Bob Dee, 240, and Larry Eisenhower, 245, at the ends; Jess Richardson, 265, and Houston Antwine, 250, at the tackles. Dee and Eisenhower are relentless pass rushers, and will have to be to hold off a sleeper rookie named Leonard St. Jean, 240, from Northern Michigan, and 240-pound Tony Kumiega of Michigan State. Holovak must see that his reserve tackles mature fast, because Jess Richardson is 34 and relatively stationary; he could go all at once. Jim Hunt, a 245-pounder with four years of pro ball behind him, could step in. The linebacking is exceptional. Nick Buoniconti, 220, plays the middle, Tom Addison and Jack Rudolph, both 230, the corners.

The return of Don Webb, rated the team's best deep back before he was hurt last season, will help the secondary immeasurably. Don did not play at all in '63. He will give Holovak an extra chess piece. Right now Webb is listed behind Dick Felt at left corner. Ross O'Hanley and Ron Hall will start at safety, and Bob Suci is the right corner back.

A lot of "ifs" must be resolved before Boston can defend its Eastern championship. Burton must come back, some of the older players must retain their edge for another year, the "Eager Eleven" must defend like 12. . . . We don't think the Pats can do it. A close third.



LARRY GRANTHAM—No. 60

NEW YORK JETS

The Jets will play a lot of rookies, and they'll make a lot of mistakes. But 1964 is the last year Weeb Ewbank finishes last

AT LAST. At last the Jets are becoming a professional football team instead of a muster-ing-out center for fading has-beens and never-weres. In 1963 coach Weeb Ewbank started to undo the damage Harry Wismer had done—or rather, to do what Wismer had not done. Ewbank arrived too late to sign any top draft picks, however. He had to rely on what he had and what he could siphon off from the NFL. This year Weeb did very well in the draft; he signed his No.s 1, 3 and 6 college selections, plus four excellent “futures” tabbed by the previous administration. “If we can improve our defensive line and our linebacking, we’ll be all right,” says Ewbank. “We directed our draft toward defensive help, and we also made a trade (with Denver) that we feel will help us defensively.”

Going into training camp, the only '63 regular certain of a job is All-AFL corner line-backer Larry Grantham, the 200-pound prodigy. Ewbank believes that he finally has a trust-worthy middle linebacker in 240-pound Wahoo McDaniel, obtained from Denver. And any one of three rookies could become the other regular outside linebacker. Likeliest candidate

is 225-pound first draft pick Matt Snell of Ohio State, where he was best known as a plunging fullback. But Matt's a bruising tackler with good defensive sense. He can also play defense end or offensive fullback. Rookies Ralph Baker of Penn State and Jeff Ware of Pittsburgh can also back up the line. Dave Yohn, who played middle linebacker last year, has been switched to a corner.

Right now, Ewbank lists veterans Bob Watters, 245, and LaVerne Torczon, 235, both experienced, as his defensive ends. But Weeb must get a harder pass rush, and may use rookies Gerry Philbin, 235, from Buffalo, and/or Bert Wilder, 245, from North Carolina State. Philbin, drafted third, can also play linebacker or offensive guard. Tackles Paul Rochester, who played well after being traded from Kansas City in mid-season, and Bob McAdams, a swing man last year, round out the defensive front four. Gordy Holz, 280-pound tackle acquired from the Broncos, might displace McAdams, who can also play end. In the deep secondary, it will be Marshall Starks (who set an AFL record with a 97-yard field goal return) and Clyde Washington at the wings, Dainard Paulson and Bill Baird (of the record 93-yard punt return) at safety. Ex-Bronco Bob Zeman and soph Tony Stricker are also available. The Jet defensive backs were unfairly maligned last year. The pass rush was inadequate, so that rival receivers and quarterbacks had too much time to maneuver.

Offensively, the key man is 6-5 quarterback Dick Wood, who missed the last three games with the latest in a long line of knee injuries; one more operation and the surgeons get permanent possession of his leg. Still, Ewbank notes that until he was hurt, Dick was leading the league in touchdown passes (18) and avoiding interceptions and was third in completions and yards gained. "Wood has perhaps the strongest arm in football," Ewbank says. "He just has to work on his short passing and his pass-action plays (fake a run and fade to pass)." The Jets also have the Penn State star Pete Liske (as in risk) and Mike Taliaferro (pronounced Tolliver) of Illinois. Liske could be a fine pro quarterback.

Whoever starts at quarterback will have first-class receivers in split end Bake Turner (71 receptions, third in the league) and flanker back Don Maynard (38 receptions, though injured). Both are extremely fast. And there's ample depth at tight end: soph Gene Heeter (his knee mended after surgery), Dee Mackey and ex-Bronco Gene Prebola. The remainder of the offensive line will read: Dan Ficca at left guard, Jack Klotz at left tackle, Pete Perault or Roy Hord at right guard (replacing the traded Sid Fournet), Winston Hill or Sherman Plunkett at right tackle, Mike Hudock at center. Dave Herman, 240-pound Michigan State guard, is the best offensive line rookie.

We've left the Jet running attack for last, since that's where it was in the 1963 league statistics. Ewbank will probably go with his elephant backs: 220-pound Bill Mathis at halfback and 222-pound Mark Smolinski at fullback. Neither is fast, although Mathis will run freer now that his bad knee has been surgically corrected. Shifty little Dick Christy, would supply some dash, but Ewbank needs big backs to keep enemy linemen off Dick Wood's neck—and knee. Curley Johnson, the punter, and Rudy Johnson, a Nebraska rookie who can kick PATs and field goals, are the chief spares. With Dick Guesman traded to Denver, the Jets badly need a reliable placekicker.

AFL

AMERICAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE

SCHEDULE

SEPTEMBER 12

SATURDAY

Denver at New York
Houston at San Diego

SEPTEMBER 13

SUNDAY

Kansas City at Buffalo
Boston at Oakland

SEPTEMBER 19

SATURDAY

Oakland at Houston

SEPTEMBER 20

SUNDAY

Denver at Buffalo
Boston at San Diego
New York and Kansas City, Bye

SEPTEMBER 26

SATURDAY

San Diego at Buffalo

SEPTEMBER 27

SUNDAY

New York at Boston
Houston at Denver
Kansas City at Oakland

OCTOBER 3

SATURDAY

San Diego at New York
Oakland at Buffalo

OCTOBER 4

SUNDAY

Boston at Denver
Houston at Kansas City

OCTOBER 9

FRIDAY

San Diego at Boston

OCTOBER 10

SATURDAY

Oakland at New York

OCTOBER 11

SUNDAY

Kansas City at Denver
Buffalo at Houston

OCTOBER 16

FRIDAY

Oakland at Boston

OCTOBER 17

SATURDAY

Houston at New York

OCTOBER 18

SUNDAY

Buffalo at Kansas City
Denver at San Diego

OCTOBER 23

FRIDAY

Kansas City at Boston

OCTOBER 24

SATURDAY

New York at Buffalo

OCTOBER 25

SUNDAY

San Diego at Houston
Denver at Oakland

OCTOBER 31

SATURDAY

Boston at New York
Houston at Buffalo

NOVEMBER 1

SUNDAY

Denver at Kansas City
Oakland at San Diego

NOVEMBER 6

FRIDAY

Houston at Boston

NOVEMBER 8

SUNDAY

Buffalo at New York
Oakland at Kansas City
San Diego at Denver

NOVEMBER 15

SUNDAY

Boston at Buffalo
New York at Denver
San Diego at Kansas City
Houston at Oakland

NOVEMBER 20

FRIDAY

Denver at Boston

NOVEMBER 22

SUNDAY

Kansas City at Houston
New York at Oakland
San Diego and Buffalo, Bye

NOVEMBER 26

THURSDAY

Buffalo at San Diego

NOVEMBER 29

SUNDAY

Boston at Houston
Oakland at Denver
Kansas City at New York

DECEMBER 6

SUNDAY

Boston at Kansas City
New York at San Diego
Buffalo at Oakland
Denver and Houston, Bye

DECEMBER 13

SUNDAY

Kansas City at San Diego
Buffalo at Denver
New York at Houston
Oakland and Boston, Bye

DECEMBER 20

SUNDAY

Buffalo at Boston
New York at Kansas City
Denver at Houston
San Diego at Oakland

DECEMBER 26

SATURDAY

Championship Game (Eastern Division
Winner the host club).